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ART. I.—*Selections Grave and Gay, from Works Published and Unpublished*, by Thomas De Quincey. Volumes I., II., and III.
London : Groombridge. Edinburgh : Hogg.

It is rather more than four years since De Quincey was last noticed in the 'Eclectic.' Meanwhile, his fame has been steadfastly gaining ground ; and, about a year ago, the enterprising publishers, whose names are at the head of this article, started a new, cheap, and elegant edition of his writings, revised by himself. Of this, three volumes now lie before us. The issue has, we understand, been highly successful ; and we propose to found on those parts of it which have already appeared an estimate of his powers ; touching, too, as we pass, on several of the topics and characters suggested by or alluded to in the papers which these volumes include.

A writer in a London journal of note, who signs himself 'Atticus,' has, while admitting Mr. De Quincey's merits of style, denied him the possession of genius. Genius is, of course, a word susceptible of divers definitions, but of that one which can exclude the claims of a man of De Quincey's order, we have yet to be informed. Take De Quincey's own account of genius being 'a mind steeped and saturated in the genial nature ;' and surely, the mind which has painted the story of the Greens in the snow-storm, or traced, with such inimitable pathos, the sad history of 'Ann, the poor Street Stroller,' is not deficient in that

heart which constitutes one-half of the genial nature ; and, surely, he who wrote the first part of ' Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts,' is not without a large portion of that *humour* which constitutes the other. If genius be defined originality of thought and style, we challenge this for De Quincey, in a degree as large, perhaps, as appertains to any man of the age. Connected with, and, in some respects, less than some of the Lakers, he is no more an imitator of theirs than Vesuvius is an imitator of Etna. If genius be defined to be a combination of imagination, passion, and constructive power, then, even in this sense, we maintain De Quincey's claim to its possession. All his earnest writings, especially his ' *Suspiria de Profundis*,' are as full of passion as of imagination ; and what more exquisite than the construction of some of his dreams, and of all his sentences. The constructive power discovered in them might, in happier circumstances, and had it been attended by a sterner will, have reared the shapeliest and largest fabrics of intellectual masonry. Or if genius be identified with growth, and if that growth be most wonderful, which has taken place under difficulties, how marvellous above that of most men must be De Quincey's genius, which has grown under a self-imposed pressure as great as though a tree were to surmount the weight of the Sphynx, or of the Pyramid of Cheops ! Atticus, in his usual captious spirit (certainly, he has salt enough in his composition, although not that Attic salt you expect from his *nom de plume*, but a salt at once acrid and putrid, for salt *can* lose its savour), gifts him only with the dialectic power, and denies that he has ever cultivated any other, and even that very imperfectly. We wish we could believe that this was in any degree the result of ignorance. We thought that the whole literary world was acquainted with the facts that De Quincey, at eleven, was a first-rate Latin scholar, that at fifteen he could talk Greek as fluently as English ; that he spent several entire years of studious solitude in mastering Kant, as the key to all modern transcendental philosophy ; Plato, as the key to all the ancient thinkers ; and Ricardo, as the master of politico-economical science ; that he is a profound German scholar ; deeply read in history ; intimately acquainted with the facts, as well as principles, of science, and no less so with the grandest problems of theology ; and that in his ' *Templar's Dialogues*,' and ' *Logic of Political Economy*,' not to speak of his unfinished and unpublished work on metaphysics, he has discovered an intellect of the deepest perspicacity, as well as of the most thorough logical training ; and yet, in the face of all this, comes forward an anonymous writer, and accuses him, forsooth, of partial and shallow culture ! The same sapient author chooses to call De

Quincey a dwarf when compared to Professor Wilson! We know that Professor Wilson thought himself a dwarf when compared to De Quincey; and if the comparison were to rest on philosophic depth, artistic instinct, extent of culture, and *sublimity* of genius, he was right in so thinking. He is charged with making an immense deal of nothing, and with magnifying trifles—a charge which we are not prepared altogether to deny—but which, first, in De Quincey's case, from the perfection to which this power is carried, reminds you almost of the creative process, 'calling the things that be not, and they are;' and which, secondly, coexists with the capacity of dealing fitly with the grandest and deepest of themes when they come across his path. It proves, indeed, the magical and demoniac force which dwells in him, that he can, at one time, make ropes of sand, and at another, wreath rosaries of suns.

But to *touch* such trashy cavils, is to dwell long enough upon them. We pass to the more pleasing task of considering the books before us.

These may be considered to constitute an irregular autobiography. This adds greatly to the charm of De Quincey's writings. You never long lose sight of himself. Even as in dreams, we become central to each shadowy scene, and pass with the swiftness of thought through a thousand shifting adventures, and, however fast the pageants sweep along, they never leave us behind; so with the writings of this marvellous magician. He is everywhere—not as if protruded by conceit—but as if he were a necessary part of every spectacle. In a nature so peculiar as his, egotism ceases to be egotism, and assumes a certain catholic air; you feel you cannot spare a single I—since each personal pronoun is an algebraic symbol of great and general truths. The littleness of ordinary egotism departs, and you feel, as it were, standing beside a great mountain which is speaking of itself in all its voices, in the torrents talking at its feet, in the pines moaning on its sides, in the notes of bees and birds, ravens and eagles, flitting over its herbless granite, or hovering in the air around, and in the thunder with which it has enwrapped its brow, all of which voices seem parts in one vast soliloquy, sounding through the eternal solitudes. Thus a man of genius may be represented when his demon has moved him to discourse of himself, and such is the sublime egotism of Rousseau, Wordsworth, Byron, and De Quincey.

The mind which can expect thus to interest the world in itself, must possess not merely great powers, but great peculiarities; much weakness as well as strength; many faults as well as virtue; and must have struggled and suffered severely. The

autobiography of a pure and passionless spirit, of a holy and happy angel, would be an insipid affair. It would possess little to commend it to the hearts of men. There must be vicissitude, anxiety, humanity, even folly and sin, united with moral resistance and virtue, great powers struggling with great difficulties of some kind, ere you can listen with an entire surrender of your spirit to a man speaking of himself. We find that the great epic poets have availed themselves of the intenser interest always excited by the autobiographical form of narrative ; and thus the tales told by Ulysses in the 'Odyssey,' Eneas in the 'Eneid,' and Raphael in the 'Paradise Lost,' are among the noblest portions of these three poems. Nothing like the position expressed by the words *quorum magna pars fui*, for rivetting attention, and enabling us to realize adventure. Now, De Quincey's nature and powers are so peculiar, his history has been so diversified, and his errors and sufferings have been so considerable, that we feel he is entitled always to use the first person, and that he never writes so gracefully as when he does. A brain of such potency united to a bodily presence so 'weak and contemptible,' and to a will weaker still—an intellect so subtle, connected with an imagination so grand and massive—a temper so gentle and woman-like coupled with so much quick and searching misery—a mind so splendid, and yet which has always shone through clouds, and sometimes been swathed in the 'dunest smoke of hell'—the union of powers so commanding, so varied, and so highly cultivated, and of abject slavery to one unhappy habit—such are some of the contradictory materials out of which De Quincey has piled up his graven image of himself, an image resembling somewhat that which appeared to Nebuchadnezzar in dream—its head of gold, breast of silver, iegis of brass, and feet of iron, *mingled with miry clay*.

The egotism, even of some truly good writers, is wearisome, if not disgusting. We think every one must feel in reading Hugh Miller's otherwise admirable 'School-days,' that he dwells far too much on himself, and magnifies many trifling and non-representative circumstances into undue importance. Some other recent publications remind you of the poor and personal correspondence of a vain amateur in authorship which had accidentally got into print, so silly and sickening are the sameness and personality of their twaddle. De Quincey, on the other hand, very seldom perpetrates anything of this kind—and his gossip has not a particle of petty impertinence.

He begins the first volume by some magnificent sketches of his childhood, which originally appeared under the title of 'Suspiria de Profundis.' His picture of his feelings upon occasion

of his sister's deathbed is as sublime in pathos as anything we ever read. We quote a portion, which will be new to some, at least, of our readers:—

‘On the day after my sister's death, whilst the sweet temple of her brain was yet unviolated by human scrutiny, I formed my own scheme for seeing her once more. Not for the world would I have made this known, nor have suffered a witness to accompany me. I had never heard of feelings that take the name of ‘sentimental,’ nor dreamed of such a possibility. But grief, even in a child, hates the light, and shrinks from human eyes. The house was large enough to have two stair-cases; and by one of these I knew that about mid-day, when all would be quiet (for the servants dined at one o'clock), I could steal up into her chamber. I imagine that it was about an hour after high-noon when I reached the chamber-door; it was locked, but the key was not taken away. Entering, I closed the door so softly, that although it opened upon a hall, which ascended through all the storeys, no echo ran along the silent walls. Then, turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned towards myself. Nothing met my eyes but one large window, wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at mid-day was showering down torrents of splendour. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold, or for heart to conceive any symbols more pathetic of life, and of the glory of life.

‘From the gorgeous sunlight I turned round to the corpse. There lay the sweet childish figure; there the angel face; and as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead, indeed—the serene and noble forehead *that* might be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish—could these be mistaken for life? Had it been so, wherefore did I not spring to those heavenly lips with tears and never-ending kisses. But so it was *not*. I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell on me; and whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard—it was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon summer days when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising, and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one great *audible* symbol of eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances—namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day.

‘Instantly, when my ear caught this vast Eolian intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fulness of life, the pomps of the heavens above, or the glory of the flowers below, and turning when it settled on the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft

which ran up for ever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft for ever; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but *that* also ran before us, and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death seemed to repel me; some mighty relation between God and death, dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them; shadowy meanings even yet continue to exercise and torment in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me. I slept—for how long I cannot say—slowly I recovered my self-possession; and when I awoke, I found myself standing, as before, close to my sister's bed.

'I have reason to believe that a *very* long interval elapsed during this wandering or suspension of my perfect mind. When I returned to myself, there was a foot (or I fancied so) on the stairs. I was alarmed, for if anybody had detected me, means would have been taken to prevent my coming again. Hastily, therefore, I kissed the lips that I should kiss no more, and slunk like a guilty thing with stealthy steps from the room. Thus perished the vision, loveliest amongst all the shows which earth has revealed to me; thus mutilated was the parting, which should have lasted for ever; tainted thus with fear was that farewell, sacred to love and grief, to perfect love, and to grief that could not be healed.'—Vol. i. pp. 15-18.

What a boy he must have been, who, at six years could dream such a dream, and entertain the profound thoughts and emotions, from which only such a dream could have sprung! For we are assuming that Mr. De Quincey is here faithfully reproducing the experiences of his childhood, only so far coloured by memory, as its 'holier day' colours all the past. It is a dream redolent of those strange dreams of childhood, which often bathe the soul either with a bliss or a woe unspeakable, and partaking of the infinite. If there be no joys like those of boyhood, so neither are there any agonies, or any remorse. We remember returning to our father's house, after playing truant for a day or two from school (it was the first and last time), with emotions of horror, remorse, and apprehension, which we dare not attempt to describe, and the memory of which has often passed, like a flush of mortal agony, across our minds since. The heart of the child is not that shallow thing which many dream. Nor are its tears always, as Gray supposes, forgot as soon as shed. Cowper himself is a striking instance to the contrary. His brutal usage by the boy who tormented him, shot a barbed arrow into his side, which, notwithstanding all the more terrible calamities which befel him in after life, continued to be felt to the very close. 'The child is father of the man.' And in this sad, sublime dream of De Quincey's by his sister's deathbed, may be read an augury of his after life, which has been one long

dream of infinity—a dream sometimes bright and cheering, more frequently dark and awful, but always lofty, poetical, and impassioned.

An able writer in Hogg's 'Instructor' has been lately drawing a comparison between De Quincey, and Jean Paul Richter as dreamers, and giving the preference to De Quincey. Here we are disposed strongly to demur. That De Quincey's language in describing his dreams is simpler, clearer, and more skilfully adapted to the varied changes of the scenery and incidents is granted. But the clearer the describer of a dream becomes, in proportion as he gains in distinctness, he loses in *vraisemblance*. Dreams *are* in general confused, chaotic, and with a mystery hovering over them, and the written-out dreams of genius should possess these characteristics along with the presence of purpose and of art. A dream with sharp edges and angles is properly no dream at all. Hazlitt says, 'you cannot make an allegory go on all fours,' and neither can you make a dream. *It* should represent that uncertainty, that mixture of contradictory elements, that sense of the brooding over us of some giant wing we cannot see, that feeling of being blindfolded by a hand behind us, that dim and suffocating impression of the infinite, and that deep *chiar-oscuro* of tint, which form the differentia of actual dreams. We abhor mysticism in almost all other departments of literature, but we love it in dreams. How grand its effect in Milton's picture of Chaos, where he speaks of

'The dreaded *Name* of Demogorgon.'

How fine in the Hand, which comes down over the Valley of Humiliation, to stanch the wounds of Christian in the 'Pilgrim'! How terrible in that cloud of fathomless gloom, which covers the left side of the ocean, in Mirza's vision, where the curtain *becomes* the painting of horrors, which no canvas could bear! How well understood by Poe, in his 'Raven,' and many other of his dark tales and poems, such as that dreary story, the 'Fall of the House of Usher,' and that unutterable fragment containing the words—

'It was down by the dark lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir.'

De Quincey, too, has given some admirable specimens of what we mean, as in that dream in his 'Confessions,' where he supposes a 'day come of hope and trial for human nature, then labouring in some dire extremity,' and describes the mysterious music, by which that day was ushered in, or where, in his 'Suspiria,' he paints with such terrible force the 'Three Ladies of Sorrow.' Still, as a whole, he is, in this department more the

artist than the creator, more attentive to the expression than to the conception of his dreams; and greatly yields, we think, to Jean Paul, and also to Thomas Aird in his 'Devil's Dream on Mount Acksbeck,' in profusion of dream-incident, in daring force of dream-like imagination, in those jet-black ornaments of expression, glittering with coal-dark lustre and impenetrability, which are so appropriate to be hung about the necks of dreams; and above all in the proper disposition of dream-drapery, and the proper management of dream-light. De Quincey uses the light of twilight with a young crescent; Jean Paul and Aird employ the light of midnight with a waning moon shining down on sleeping men and waking ghosts.

From his reminiscences of childhood he passes to describe his entrance into the world of boyish strife, to give a portrait of his brother, who appears to have been of an idiosyncrasy as marked, although entirely different from his own, and to gossip in his usual learned, discursive, and digressive style, upon a hundred subjects, which are somehow brought in to circle round his story—such as Lord Monboddo, Manchester, Mycenæ, Byron, Hood, Aladdin's wonderful lamp, the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus, the 'Struldbrugs' of Swift, and the Cagots of the Pyrenees. As usual, he abounds in notes, by which, as by successive pulls of the door-bell, he drags you down from communion with interesting topics, to meet, sooth to say, often with very indifferent company. In the fourth chapter he introduces a striking character,—a female infidel—a Mrs. Lee. This person, if you believe her biographer, must have been another Mary Wolstonecroft; like her, beautiful as a 'young leopardess;' like her, not only *cracked* but *riven*, both in character and in mind; like her, excessively brilliant in conversation; like her, possessed of much and varied knowledge; and like her, animated by an insane and sleepless hatred to Christianity. We cannot but think, however, that Mr. De Quincey has somewhat exaggerated the powers and the beauty of this 'magnificent witch.' It is clear to us that he had looked at her as boys are wont to do towards beautiful ladies older and superior to themselves, through a dazzling mist, compounded of admiration, terror, wonder, and desire. We have little doubt from the tenour of her history, that she was a mere showy strumpet, resembling rather Lady Hamilton than Mary Wolstonecroft, who was a sincere, although misled, woman of genius. 'Rachael Frances Antonina Dashwood Lee' (what reader does not instantly remember the immortal Miss Wilhelmina Carolina Amelia Skeggs?) parted from her husband, who gave her a separate establishment in London, launched out into the follies of the town, diversified a light career of life by loud-mouthed proclamations in every company of her impudent

infidelities, lost caste, eloped with *two* brothers, whom she afterwards was induced to prosecute for abduction and rape, wrote a book which Wordsworth praised, and was last heard of rusticated, and, it was hoped, reforming in a country clergyman's house. This chapter might perhaps have been spared, yet as the species of 'leopardesses' to which this lady belonged is not entirely extinct, we are thankful to Mr. De Quincey for whatever good he may do to them, or to their votaries, by this exposition of the life and adventures of 'Rachael Frances Antonina Dashwood Lee,' who so heroically attempted to 'dance, sing, act, and talk' down the Christian religion!

In the course of this paper, De Quincey introduces the subject of Swedenborgianism, a subject on which his mind has undergone a great change. When he first alluded, some fifteen years ago, to it in 'Tait's Magazine,' he spoke of it with disgust and aversion, as a kind of hybrid begot between spiritual madness and sensual nightmare; in the paper before us, he treats it with respect and deference. We quarrel not with him for this change, but we think he might have given other reasons for it besides the favourable impression which Cambridge it seems has recently formed of Swedenborg, and the fact that Emerson (a calumniator of Jesus Christ) ranks him in his 'inner consistory of intellectual potentates.' Why does De Quincey, so much better qualified than any man either in Cambridge or America to form an independent judgment on such a subject, not form and express it? That Swedenborg had profound glimpses of truth is evident, but it is curious how his theory of things has become a quarry open alike to the enemies and the friends of Christianity, and seems, on the whole, to ignore the *facts* of a religion which came in 'signs, and wonders, and mighty power,' and to dwindle it away into a system of mere shadows and symbols.

In the next chapter, we find him fairly established in a school at Bath, and straightway, as usual with him, all the great public events and characters of the day begin to revolve around that school, like the heavens in the vortices of Ptolemy turning round this foot's-breadth of earth. How—by what queerest of 'nexus,' De Quincey contrives to link to himself and his school Sir Michael Seymour, Sir Sidney Smith, Lord Cochrane, and Sir Horatio Nelson, those who read the paper will 'understand, if they read it with attention.' In the sixth chapter, he 'enters the world,' goes to the queen's villa at Frogmore, and has a brief interview with poor old George III. The recollection of this sets him off at a hand-gallop to France, Louis XV., Madame De Campan, Galerius, Milton's 'Paradise Regained,' ere he gets the length of the king, who met him one day in the garden, and asked him some questions about his French-seeming name, which, with the

answers, he has carefully particularized. And then he breaks away into a panegyric of the worthy farmer-king, and into an account of his early passion for Lady Sarah Lennox, which is very eloquent, and which he closes by the assertion, that no nature can entertain a profound affection without being a profound nature, which sounds as like a truism, as though we should assert that nothing less than a gallon measure can hold a gallon, or that an ocean requires an ocean channel.

In the next chapter, after having 'entered the world,' he describes his entrance into London, as if it were a larger world. He labours for a season in search of a word vast enough to express his notion of the metropolis, and at last calls it the 'Nation of London.' His description of his first entrance into it is very striking. *Now*, the rapidity with which you are whirled into a corner of the mighty city, probably at night, takes away almost wholly the feeling of grandeur from a first entrance. There is no preparation, no gradation, no scale, no growing sense of a Mahlstrom becoming nearer, and yet more near, till at last, as an inverted climax to a long series of feelings, you feel yourself in the centre of its awful depths. It is the difference between entering a palace by a side door, and being shown in through gate after gate, and room after room, till you find yourself in its glorious groin. It was otherwise in De Quincey's early days; let us hear his sensations recorded in the following passage, which we might almost call 'The Approach to London, a Poem:—

'It was a most heavenly day in May of the year when I first beheld and first entered this mighty wilderness, the city, no, not the city, but the nation of London. Often since then, at distances of two and three hundred miles or more from the colossal emporium of men, wealth, arts, and intellectual power, have I felt the sublime expression of her enormous magnitude in one simple form of ordinary occurrence—viz., in the vast droves of cattle, suppose upon the great northern roads, all with their heads directed to London, and expounding the size of the attracting body together with the force of its attractive power, by the never-ending succession of these droves, and the remoteness from the capital of the lines upon which they were moving. A suction so powerful, felt along radii so vast, and a consciousness at the same time, that upon other radii still more vast, both by land and by sea, the same suction is operating night and day, summer and winter, and hurrying for ever into one centre the infinite means needed for her infinite purposes, and the endless tributes to the skill or the luxury of her endless population, crowds the imagination with a pomp to which there is nothing corresponding upon this planet, either among the things that have been, or the things that are. Or, if any exception there is, it must be sought in Ancient Rome. We, upon this occasion, were in an open carriage, and chiefly to avoid the dust, we approached London by rural lanes, or along by-roads, quiet and shady, collateral to the

main roads. In that mode of approach we missed some features of the sublimity belonging to any of the common approaches along a main road; we missed the whirl and the uproar, the tumult and the agitation which continually thicken and thicken throughout the last dozen miles before you reach the suburbs. Already, at forty miles distance, upon some of the greatest roads, the dim presentiment of some vast capital reaches you obscurely, and, like a misgiving, this blind sympathy with a mighty but unseen object, some vast magnetic range of Alps in your neighbourhood, continues to increase, you know not how. Arrived at the last station for changing horses, Barnet, on the north, or Hounslow, on the west, you no longer think of naming the next stage—nobody says, on pulling up, 'Horses to London,'—that would sound ridiculous; one mighty idea broods over all minds, making it impossible to suppose any other destination. Launched upon this final stage, you soon begin to feel yourself entering the stream as it were of a Norwegian maelstrom; and the stream at last becomes the rush of a cataract. What is meant by the Latin word *trepidatio*? Not anything particularly connected with panic; it belongs as much to the hurrying to and fro of a coming battle as of a coming flight; to a marriage festival as much as to a massacre; agitation is the nearest English word. This *trepidatio* increases both audibly and visibly at every half mile, pretty much as one may suppose the roar of Niagara and the thrilling of the ground to grow upon the senses in the last ten miles of the approach, with the wind in its favour, until at length it would absorb and extinguish all other sounds whatsoever; finally for miles before you reach any of its suburbs, a last great sign and augury of the immensity which belongs to the coming Metropolis, forces itself on the dullest observer, in the growing sense of his own insignificance. Everywhere else in England, you yourself, horses, carriage, attendants, are regarded with attention, and, perhaps, even with curiosity; at all events you are seen. But after passing the final post-house, on every avenue to London, for the latter ten or twelve miles, you become aware that you are no longer noticed; nobody sees you, nobody hears you, nobody regards you; you do not even regard yourself. In fact, how should you, at the moment of first ascertaining your own total unimportance in the sum of things—a poor shivering unit in the aggregate of human life? Now, for the first time, whatever manner of man you were, or seemed to be at starting, squire, or 'squireen,' lord, or lordling, and however related to that city, hamlet, or solitary house from which yesterday or to day you slipped your cable—beyond disguise, you find yourself but one wave in a total Atlantic; one plant (and a parasitical plant besides, needing alien props) in a forest of America.'—Vol. i. pp. 181-185.

From London, we follow him, in the close of this chapter, on his way to Dublin, through Wales. He was, of course, much struck with the Welsh scenery. He had 'hungered and thirsted' for mountains, and he found them here. He contrasts, however, the basin shape of the valleys in Wales with those in Cumberland, which are, as Wordsworth says, 'flat as the floor of a

temple.' We have often made a similar contrast between different parts of Scottish scenery. In those regions, where the mountain barriers begin, as at Comrie, Dunkeld, Inverary, and the Trosachs, the flat-area shape prevails, the mountains rise from the plains at sharp strong angles, as if just heaving up from below, and hence arises much of the boldness and grandeur of the scenery. Further inward, except where there are lakes and friths, the glens are narrow, and the mountains, huddled together, lose very much of their outstanding distinctness and commanding dignity. Some of our Scottish plains have been compared to 'barren mountains *rolled flat*;' but others, especially on the borders of the Highlands, are not excelled, even in Cumberland, for fertility and beauty. In Ireland, De Quincey meets with many celebrated characters, and sees some public shows, such as the installation of the Knights of Saint Patrick, and the ratification in the Irish House of Lords of the union between Great Britain and Ireland, both which he describes with his usual pomp and power. The Irish rebellion, too, broke out as if for his express accommodation, and he devotes two long chapters to an account of its principal incidents. From Ireland he returns home, and gives, in a lively chapter, entitled 'travelling,' a curious account of the modes of travelling in his young days, as contrasted with those of the present. Then men moved to and fro as if they were all Methuselahs—now we have become so intensely conscious of the uncertainty and shortness of life that we husband every moment, and have exchanged creeping for flying. This chapter is a proof that the charges of Atticus have a little foundation in fact. He here certainly makes the most of a very commonplace journey, and you are reminded of the famous travels of Will Marvel, in the 'Idler.' In chapter 12 he tells a strange series of adventures of one of his brothers, whose *sobriquet* was Pink, which, although a little over-circumstantial in the narrative, as well as sufficiently rambling, will well repay perusal.

The last chapter of the volume is entitled 'Premature Manhood,' and describes with much force the remarkable processes which were hurrying on his mind toward the precipices over which he has since fallen. He had been a child—he never became a boy—but passed without any intermediate stage into a kind of monstrous and hydro-cephalic manhood.

In his second volume, he continues to follow the course of his own career, which becomes deeper in the channel of its interest as it runs through 'rocky Cumberland,' and reflects the faces and forms of the immortals who then resided there. His sketches of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, are all intensely interesting, partly from the great interest of the subjects, and partly from

the eloquence of the writing. De Quincey's feelings towards these three great men were of a composite order. Wordsworth he revered, admired, feared, and did not love; Coleridge he admired, wondered at, loved, but did not respect; Southey he neither loved nor much admired, but deeply respected. Precisely the same feelings seem to have been entertained to the Lakers by Wilson and by Hazlitt. Wordsworth was the 'righteous man,' for whom few would be found 'to die.' Coleridge was more accessible and gentle, but so indolent and grossly self-indulgent, so careless of his family, and so involved in his own dream, that you could hardly love, and could not respect him. Southey was rather too much of a martinet to conciliate warm regard, except from his own family; but his high honour, exemplary life, and unwearied industry, secured him respect even from those who, like De Quincey and Hazlitt, greatly underrated his really magnificent genius. As to Wordsworth, De Quincey sometimes seems absolutely to hate him. He looked on him as intellectual pride personified, and tells us that he would not say that Wordsworth was as proud as Lucifer, but that Lucifer was as proud as Wordsworth,—a remark paralleled by one we heard an acute old seceder minister make about a well-known Edinburgh divine:—'He would not say that Dr. C. might have sat at the feet of Ignatius Loyola, but he *would* say that Ignatius Loyola might have sat at the feet of Dr. C.' Intermixed with his criticisms and anecdotes about the Lakers, are interposed fine sketches of the lake country, all of which, with its Helvellyns, Skiddaws, and Grasmere, its mountains, dales, tarns, and *forces*, was as familiar to him as his own chamber. Few have been such determined night-walkers since Foster as Thomas De Quincey. Wordsworth speaks of a woman who was

'Known to every star,
And every wind that blows.'

De Quincey was well known to every night-bird, to every *sough* of midnight wind blowing down Egremont or Patterdale. Softly as a fairy his feet trod the midnight wild flowers, and well did the Great Bear and Orion know the two profound eyes that were so often turned aloft to their beams, in wonder or in sorrow, while the ten thousand simple hearts of Cumberland were hushed in repose. This practice he has, we believe, continued since he came to Scotland, and the solitudes of Arthur's Seat have often witnessed his presence, both when the summer night was leaning her languid and moon-jewelled bosom over its summit, and when the snow-storm had caught it in his cold yet frenzied embrace. It is said that there is a flower, and that one of the loveliest, which blooms only in the night, and hath shed its blossoms ere

the next morning comes. So there are souls of a timid yet divinely-gifted order, which expand their fairest buds to the stars, and shrink and shrivel up whenever the day dawns. And such a soul is that of the English Opium Eater.

In his third volume, the author ceases, in some measure, to be his own biographer, and enters upon general themes. He tells, in one chapter, the very exciting but somewhat apocryphal-looking story of the 'Military Nun of Spain.' In another, he translates from a German author a narrative of the 'Last Days of Kant.' How we should have preferred to this, interesting as it is, a book, or series of articles, from his own pen, on the life, the times, and the philosophy of that great old Teuton! His paper on Nichol's 'Astronomy' is hardly worthy, either of the author, or of the subject. De Quincey is sometimes very successful in his humour, but not in the present case. When gay, he always reminds you of the elephant dancing a slow dance on the greensward. But in the first part of this paper, it is as if the same animal were trying to perform on the tight-rope, and instead of laughing with, you are tempted to laugh at him. His 'Joan of Arc' is a strain of a loftier mood, and rises to the dignity and power of that highest kind of history which verges on and over the limit of poetry. De Quincey, indeed, we have often pronounced to be, since Tacitus, *potentially* the greatest of history writers. He is as eloquent, as epic, as impassioned in his nobler narrative as Carlyle, and he is far more dignified, less melodramatic, and purer in style. The other papers on 'Roman Dinners,' 'Modern Superstition,' &c., are slighter in build, but exceedingly amusing, learned, and rising in parts to that grave grandeur in which his genius displays itself to most advantage.

In the papers of some of his recent critics, much is said of the 'ease of De Quincey's style.' If this mean that his style is easily read, and that its transitions *seem* quiet and quick, it is in general true; but if it mean that it is a style which costs the author little, it is a great mistake. We have seen his MS. again and again, and we never saw writing so frequently *interlined*. Almost every word had its double-ganger, or duplicate above it. He is, in fact, the most fastidious and laborious of writers, although he makes his art conceal his art, and his labour his labour. It is partly owing to this, and partly to his advanced age and numerous infirmities, that the volumes of this admirable edition have been progressing so slowly, and at such uncertain intervals of time. We look forward with keen expectation to the remaining volumes. Many of the very best of his writings remain to be collected. There are those three wondrous chapters in the 'Suspiria,'—the 'Palimpsest,' the 'Three Ladies of Sorrow,' and 'Savannah La Mar.' There are his 'Templar's Dialogues.' There

are his chapters on the 'Cæsars.' There is his 'Vision of Sudden Death,' and its 'Dream Fugue.' There is his paper on 'The Knocking in Macbeth.' There are his reviews of Schlosser, and his chapters on Shelley, Keats, and Hazlitt, which appeared originally in his papers on Gilfillan's 'First Gallery,' in 'Tait's Magazine.' There are his translations from Jean Paul Richter. There is his most masterly and eloquent account of the 'Retreat of a Tartar Tribe,' which was published in 'Blackwood,' for July, 1837. And there are, beside a hundred others, papers on 'Style,' on the 'Philosophy of Roman History,' on the 'Essenes,' on 'Christianity, considered in reference to National and Social Progress,' and on 'Greek Literature,' all of them teeming with profound thought and knowledge. When completed, the collection will, after all, be only a fragmentary revelation of the man; but we fearlessly assert that it will constitute the most valuable and most enduring collection of papers, which had originally appeared in a periodical form, to be found in the entire world of literature.

ART. II.—*History of the Apostolic Church, with a General Introduction to Church History.* By Philip Schaff, Professor in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg. Two Volumes. 8vo. pp. xviii.—406, 392. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1854.

2. *The Life and Labours of St. Augustine.* A Historical Sketch. By Philip Schaff, D.D. London: Samuel Bagster & Sons, 1854.

THE work of Professor Schaff on the Apostolic Church was duly noticed by us on its first appearance in German.* To recur to it now may therefore seem to be *actum agere*, and to require some justification, especially when there are so many candidates for literary distinction sighing for the kindly offices of some good natured master of ceremonies to usher them into the presence of the reading public. But with every desire to gratify the most ardent and least coy of the fair bevy, we must not be kept by a scruple on a point of form from doing justice to a *belle* of the season. In the former article, the book was brought before our readers amongst a number of other Continental productions on the same subject, with a view of calling attention to the sudden development of this particular department of ecclesiastical history as an important and hopeful sign of the times. We thought we saw in the circumstance that the Acts of the Apostles,

* Eclectic Review, June, 1853.

from being the most neglected portion of the New Testament, was daily attracting more and more the theological intellect of Europe, no insignificant prognostic in this eventide of a setting age, that a better day was about to dawn. The reformation of the *religion* of Christendom was brought about by going back to the doctrinal standard contained in the revelation of Jesus Christ; and it is vain to expect the advent of those countless blessings which the restored *church* of Christianity will bring in her train, save by a loyal surrender of our intellect and heart to the canon of ecclesiastical order laid down in the same inspired record. Hence we deemed it a phenomenon worth registering, when, to save the Acts from being engulfed in the yawning abyss of critical annihilation, with which fate it was already threatened by the Tübingen School, the first minds of Germany were compelled to bestow upon this hitherto slighted book an amount of patient and comprehensive study such as had never been devoted to it before. All the works whose appearance we then chronicled had been more or less called forth by this apologetic movement, and amongst them was that of Professor Schaff. But although we meet on almost every page evidence of the passing occasion which summoned our author to his task, yet he has wisely declined to compromise the permanent usefulness of his book, not to say its chance of immortality, by linking its fortunes with those of so ephemeral a theory as that of the Baurian school. His relations to that perverse view of Apostolic Christianity belong rather to the accidental features of his performance than to its essence, or he might infallibly reckon upon being fairly shelved within less than ten years. As it is, he has steered sufficiently near this rock to excite our admiration of the skill with which he has escaped it. Tranquil and objective in tone as we expect a good history—and especially a good history of the Church—to be, it should undoubtedly bear marks of the age in which it is produced. It must present such a view of the past as comes within the horizon of the particular generation whose interpreter the historian undertakes to be. Hence, if fundamental differences of opinion as to the meaning of the facts he has to record distract the writer's own age, he would ill discharge his duty where he to ignore such controversies altogether. He would in that case be himself ignored, as an incapable pretender, quite behind his times. The opposite blunder is when a historical writer unduly magnifies the importance of contemporary discussions. Let not any one who falls into this mistake dream of bequeathing to posterity, like Thucydides, a book which shall be *κτῆμα ἐς αἰὲν*—an everlasting possession. The probability rather is, that whatever the merits of his production in other respects, this

single sin will so shorten its life that he himself may live to line his own trunks with it; or if he shrink from such an act of heroism, which few, perhaps, are equal to, he may be shocked some fine morning to find that his buttermilk is a man of more utilitarian notions. It is not the business of an ecclesiastical historian to embalm the crotchets of a Baur like flies in amber, for fear future ages should otherwise never hear of such eccentricities. They will not sink into oblivion an hour sooner than they deserve, and the 'power of sinking,' which they possess, is quite sufficient to drag down with them any luckless author who should endeavour to buoy them up on the bladders of his own reputation. A dozen years hence or so, no more will be heard of the Tübingen attempts to transform all the Palestinian apostles into Ebionites, and Paul into a Gnostic. These now rather noisy notions will by that time be as obsolete as Priestley's notable scheme for making the whole thirteen Socinians *pur sang*. The theory of the origin of the primitive church unfolded in that curious book, Kestner's 'Agape,'* is quite as ingenious as, and, to our thinking, far more plausible than Baur's. It is certainly defended, too, by its author, with quite as much learning. Of course very few of our readers have ever heard of it, and there are not many Germans who are in a better position, although it was famous enough in its day. Nor need any one know any more of it than that it was an attempt to trace up the vast moral revolution which Christianity has effected in the world to an artfully contrived political secret society, with its masonic symbols, passwords, &c., set on foot by Clement of Rome, a relation of the Emperor Domitian, with the set purpose of springing a mine beneath the foundations of the Roman state. The abortion has very properly long since been put out of sight, just as the surgeons hide in darkened rooms the horrid preparations which they employ to illustrate the science of morbid anatomy, lest they should offend the light of day. Side by side with it in the gloomy museum will be placed, all in good time, the still uglier Tübingen specimen.

Meanwhile, all that an intelligent student requires to be taught upon the subject, and, perhaps, a little more, may be found in Professor Schaff's pages. The ghastly results arrived at by the new school of criticism are thus summed up in a nutshell by an ex-disciple.†

'With one hand,' says Merz, 'I was to lay hold of Christ, and with

* The full title is 'Die Agape, oder der geheime Weltbund der Christen, von Clemens in Rom unter Domitians Regierung gestiftet;' dargestellt von Dr. August Kestner, ausserordentlichem Professor der Theologie. Jena. 1819.

† H. Merz. Die Jahrbuecher der Gegenwart. Stuttgart. 1845. s. 16.

the other I was not to let go of Hegel. But whence were we to gain a living historical image of the Redeemer, after listening throughout the four years of our university course to the critical annihilation of that image? From Matthew, Mark, Luke? They were all legendary poetry! From John? Nothing but didactic poetry! The Acts? An ecclesiastical-political romance! The Epistle to the Romans? A diplomatic paper, relating to the feud between Jewish and Gentile Christianity! The last two chapters, moreover, declared to be spurious. The Epistle to the Ephesians? Spurious! The Epistle to the Philippians? Spurious! Colossians? Spurious! The Epistles to the Thessalonians? The Second, at least, spurious! The Epistles to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon? All spurious! First and Second Peter? Spurious! The Epistles of John? Spurious, if the Apocalypse be genuine! The Epistle to the Hebrews? Spurious! The Apocalypse? Genuine, thoroughly Jewish, thoroughly Ebionite, thoroughly unevangelical! That was the satchel of biblical and theological learning which we carried away from Tübingen; such was the nourishment provided for our spirits and hearts in the hospitable house of the speculative criticism!

It is well that Professor Schaff has not suffered himself to be so stunned by the notoriety which this trash has unhappily obtained in the land of his birth, as to overload his valuable pages, intended for American and English readers, with a set refutation of such crudities. He himself is well aware of their ephemeral character, whilst, on the other hand, not blind to the important ends to which the Head of the Church knows how to make such inimical attempts subservient. 'This Tübingen school,' he rightly augurs, 'will, no doubt, meet the fate of the old Gnostic heresies. Its investigations will act with stimulating and fortifying power upon the church, calling forth, especially, a deeper scientific apprehension and defence of the historical Christianity of antiquity; and, for itself, it will dry up like the streams of the desert, and figure hereafter only in the history of human aberrations and heresies.'

We trust that a less ignoble career awaits the valuable 'Church History' of which the first two volumes are now before us. Should it finish as it has begun—and we have the author's promise to make it, so far as his professorial avocations may allow, the great business of his life—it cannot fail to become an English classic. We have no expectation, we admit, of its superseding Neander. That may be justly deemed impossible; nor can any one be found more eager to acknowledge the unapproachable excellencies of the great modern master of ecclesiastical history than his affectionate disciple, the German edition of whose work is piously inscribed to his immortal memory, as we remarked in our notice of it at the time. And as his name adorns the porch, so, too, in the body of the work, garlands of

immortelles are scattered at the foot of his statue with no niggard hand. In the last chapter of the 'General Introduction to Church History,' which is decidedly the best executed and most interesting of the four, Professor Schaff passes rapidly in review all the most important writers upon the subject, of all ages and nations, and nothing can be heartier than his recognition of the transcendent merits of Neander. He devotes fourteen pages (pp. 112-126) to his estimate of the Father of Modern Church History. He expatiates *con amore* upon the profoundly religious spirit which breathes throughout all he wrote, lending to his historical representations such an indescribable charm, and so magic an influence. He knows how to appreciate the large-hearted catholicity which could discern in Marcion, whom Polycarp called to his face the first-born of Satan, a forerunner of the Reformers, although he thinks that in this and in some other instances, the amiable feeling was carried to an undue extreme. The prodigious, but unobtrusive erudition, the happy power of combination, the keen eye for the hidden relations of seemingly diverse phenomena, the habit of tracing back every developement to its germ, the unwearied patience of research, and the enthusiastic attachment to his high and holy task, which so eminently characterized Neander, are not overlooked by his admiring and grateful disciple. But, as he rightly observes:—

'The most essential peculiarity, the fairest ornament, the most enduring merit of Neander's 'Church History' consists in the *vital union of the two elements of science and Christian piety*, and in the exhibition of both in the form, not of dead narrative, or mechanical accumulation of material, but of *life and genetic development*. The practical element is not a mere appendage to the subject in the way of pious reflection and declamation, but grows out of it as by nature. It is the very spirit which fills and animates the history of Christianity as such. Neander is Christian, not *although*, but *because*, he is scientific; and *scientific*, because he is Christian. This is the only form of edification which *can* be expected in a learned work; but such *must* be expected where the work has to do with Christianity and its history. And this gain, therefore, ought never to be lost. A church historian without faith and piety can only set before us, at best, instead of the living body of Christ, a cold marble statue, without seeing eye or feeling heart.'—Vol. i. p. 119.

Spots, indeed, there were on this luminary, and Professor Schaff is too conscientious to conceal them. As Neander's two leading defects he specifies (1) *his concessions to rationalism*, and (2), what he styles *his unchurchliness*. In the former respect, the complaint is but too just, although none has ever dealt rationalism more staggering blows than Neander. But as to the latter, we feel strongly inclined to retort the charge, at

which it is very possible that Professor Schaff may feel somewhat surprised. We know that he plumes himself a good deal upon his chivalrous loyalty to the outward church of all ages, against which he thinks that Neander has sinned not a little. Without prejudice to his stanch protestantism, upon which we would, by no means, cast a slur, our author seems to imagine that he has a kind of mission to restore amongst his fellow-religionists a feeling which is, for the most part, foreign to all but Romanists or Romanizing circles. At the very outset (p. 8) he defines the church to be an *objective, organized, visible society*, and this idea of it, for which he contends with much earnestness, quite explains the manifest tenderness for hierarchial and ecclesiastical Christianity which pervades his pages. In his charming monograph on 'St. Augustine,' the same leaning is still more disagreeably conspicuous. Now, he is quite right in saying that Neander is as far removed from all this sentimentality as possible. Of course he is. Neander well knew—and none has more incessantly, or more powerfully, drawn attention to the fact—that this notion of the church was at the bottom of all the aberrations of historical Christianity, from which it began to be saved at the glorious Reformation. This was, so to speak, the very theorem which he undertook to demonstrate historically before the world. 'As a visible organization,' says Professor Schaff, 'the Church embraces all who are baptized, whether in the Greek, Roman, or Protestant communion.' Certainly, Neander could never have penned such an extraordinary sentence, and it quite passes our comprehension how a pupil of the great historian can have given utterance to such arrant nonsense. After reading it, let any one think, first of the title of Professor Maurice's beautiful work, 'The Church a Family,' and then of the cage of living incongruities exhibited daily in Trafalgar-square, in order to form a notion of what sort of a family that is which 'embraces all who are baptized, whether in the Greek, Roman, or Protestant communion!' Or, rather, if the illustration is to be fully pertinent, we must think of a congress of the Roman grimaldin, the Greek owl, and the Protestant mice, larks, and linnets, *before* they have been drugged with their dose of opium for the day. Who does not see that a more perfect parody of 'the whole family in heaven and on earth' than Professor Schaff's 'organization' could not be imagined? Happily, the thing is a chimera, from a Quixotic devotion to which, or to aught in the least resembling it, Neander may well be acquitted. But he was not, therefore, 'unchurchly.' As the Mercersburg professor admits (p. 123) 'Neander is pre-eminently the historian, so to speak, of the *invisible church*.' The term we have long thought is very unhappily chosen, and Romanist

controvertists have not failed to take advantage of the circumstance to caricature the Protestant notion of the Church as a mere Platonic idea. Their opponents must expect to be thus misrepresented until their own thought shall become so clear to themselves that a better terminology shall be not only natural but inevitable. And when this shall come to pass, ample reprisals shall be taken for all the witticisms of the papal polemical divines upon this tempting subject, from Cardinal Bellarmine down to Father O'Shaughnessy of Tubbermore. Meanwhile, all true Protestants know that the fellowship into which men are brought by a living faith in the Redeemer with the Holy Trinity, and with all the good of all ages and all worlds is no community of shadows and dreams like that with which the ancients peopled the gloomy realms of Pluto, but the only commonweal worth living for, and, if needs be, dying for. This, or something like it, was the church of Neander's affections; and he loved to recognise her members, to whatever 'organization' they belonged. The veriest slave of Rome never felt a tithe of the devotion to his idol with which this heaven-born maid inspired the warm Christian heart of this great and good man. It was for her sake that he undertook his weary pilgrimage of love through so many gloomy centuries, because she had passed the same way before, and had left some faint traces of her celestial sheen even in the darkest. He lifted the latch of the Montanist conventicle, because it might have been touched, perchance, by her myrrh-dropping fingers. He was not deterred by the howl raised by the fathers against 'the wolf of Pontus,' from listening to Marcion's addresses to his 'fellow-hated and fellow-sufferers.' For he knew that if the wolf is often found in sheep's clothing, bigotry can sometimes effect a metamorphosis of the opposite kind. He thinks that Novatian may have been a partaker of the Holy Ghost, though his rival bishop, the hierarch Cornelius, deemed the thing inconceivable, because the schismatic had received only clinical baptism. To catch some faint echo of the voice of the Bride, the gentle historian patiently hears out the boisterous janglings of Ephesus and Chalcedon, though he certainly does shudder when the worldly prelates barb their spiteful anathemas with the words of the Apostolic Assembly at Jerusalem: *It seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us.* But if the dust of John still sleeps whilst the 'Robbers' Synod' is being held over his grave, the spirit of the apostle wakes in the chronicler of its disgraceful sessions; and, despite the ban of the Diotrophes of the hideous scene, the honest German stretches out the right hand of fellowship to every Gaius in the party of Nestorius. He sees the TRUE CHURCH amongst some who fulminate, and amongst some who are smitten by the ecclesiastical

bolts, and weeps over the blinding power of sin even in the redeemed, which alone keeps these brethren apart, or brings them together, not to embrace, but to fight. To *this* church Neander is ever enthusiastically loyal.

We wish we could say the same for Dr. Schaff. But for *churchliness*, in this noblest sense—if we must use the, to us, somewhat unfamiliar term—he is immeasurably behind his great master. His shortcoming in this respect strikes us as the worst blot upon his otherwise most admirable performance. We regret it the more, because we foresee that his work, if it proceeds as it has begun, is destined to very extensive use, both in this country and in America. Its strict evangelical orthodoxy will secure it an entrance into countless circles, to which Neander's too lax views on inspiration and the canon would be justly offensive. At the same time the prodigious amount of recondite, and yet pertinent reading which our author brings to bear upon his task, his critical sagacity in the use of his authorities, his strong good sense, his faculty of luminous description, his thorough heartiness and evident surrender of himself to his hallowed theme, all show that he has not mistaken his vocation, but that church history is his proper province. How lofty a conception he has formed of the nature of his office, and of the qualifications it requires, will be seen by the following extract from the general introduction, where he thus closes his interesting and able review of the leading ecclesiastical historians, to whom his native land has given birth in modern times:—

‘Unite now the most extensive and thorough learning with the simple piety and tender conscientiousness of a Neander, the speculative talent and combining ingenuity of a Rothe and a Dorner, the lovely mildness and calm clearness of an Ullmann and a Hagenbach, the sober investigations of a Gieseler, the fine diplomatic wisdom of a Ranke, the vivacity and elegant taste of a Hase;—unite all these, we say, in one person, free from all slavery to philosophy, yet not disdaining to employ it thankfully in the service of Scriptural truth; pervaded and controlled by living faith, and genuine, ardent love; and working not for himself nor for a party, but wholly in the spirit and service of the God-man, Jesus Christ, the life-giving sun of history, and for the interests of His bride, the one Holy, Catholic, Apostolic church; weaving into a crown of glory for the Saviour all the flowers of sanctified thought, faith, life, and suffering, from every age and clime;—and we have, so to speak, the ideal of a Christian church historian in full form before us—an idea, which, indeed, may never be realized on earth in any one individual, but to which all who are called to labour in this most interesting and important field of theology should honestly strive to conform.’—*Ib.* p. 146.

If our author, in this passage, finds the great masters of the science only amongst the Germans, this might seem to be but a

piece of venial national vanity. We believe that it is nothing of the kind. However humiliating the confession, it must be frankly owned, that the other great Protestant nations are immeasurably behind their Teutonic brethren in this important department of literature. Sorrowfully, but without reserve, we subscribe to the truth of the following contrast :—‘ While Germany has displayed, since Mosheim, an uncommon and uninterrupted activity in the field of historical theology, the other Protestant countries, on the contrary, have been till very lately remarkably inactive in this department. Guizot in France, Macaulay in England, and Prescott in America, have indeed treated several portions of secular history with talents of rare brilliancy. But church history, since the end of the last century, has plainly been neglected.’ (Vol. i. p. 147.) With respect to ourselves in particular, the best informed will probably be least disposed to boast of English triumphs in this field. Harshly as Dr. Newman’s depreciating *dictum* may sound, that the chief, perhaps the only national writer we have, who has any claim to be considered an ecclesiastical historian, is the infidel Gibbon, we fear the sting of the reproach is its truth. Our author’s estimate of us is hardly more favourable, although he thinks that of late years an improvement has begun. This he attributes partly to the awakening consciousness in the churches and their various theological institutions of the absolute necessity of a scientific knowledge of the past in order to the comprehension of the present; and partly to the direct and indirect influence of German literature. The Puseyite controversy, moreover, as he rightly observes, has had very much to do in attracting the studies of scholars belonging to both the contending parties to the long neglected records of Christian antiquity. By this movement, however, the evangelical dissenters have been comparatively little affected. Yet one would think we, too, have interests at stake, which should make us not indifferent to the successful prosecution of this branch of theological science. That methodism should deem such learning superfluous, is perhaps quite in keeping. It pretends to be ‘a peculiar dispensation of Christianity,’ and is either such in reality, or else, *as an organized ecclesiastical system*, it is nothing short of a grand impertinence. We gladly acknowledge its transitory value, considered in the light of a great and blessed religious revival. But when, after losing in a great measure the old fire of piety, which alone justified its existence, and gave sanction to its stormy inroads, it decides to make itself permanent in the shape of a burlesque imitation of the old worn-out hierarchies, it is time that it should be admonished of the true feeling which it cannot fail to inspire. It has already had warnings enough, that Christian

consciences can be quieted only with texts of Scripture, and not with Minutes of Conference. The repeated and large secessions from its ranks, down to the latest and most significant of all, have uniformly sprung from discontent with its unscriptural *polity*. In fact, methodism scarcely lays claim to an apostolical church-regimen. Or it does so only by insinuating what the Irvingites speak out plainly that the apostolate has been restored to the poor bereaved church in these later centuries. The people in Gordon-square make, it is true, more fuss with their new apostles, Carlyle, Drummond, and others, if there be such, who have been yesterday, or the day before, dubbed legitimate successors of the Twelve. There, in the gingerbread cathedral, whence is to issue the salvation of our distracted Christendom, the Peter and Paul of the Mormonism of high life strut, as the 'Times' has told the world, 'in purple, as the symbol of authority.' All this is simply childish, and will do comparatively little harm. But to our thinking, it is very different with the influence, the focus of which is in Bishopsgate-street. We doubt whether any *ισαποστολος* of bygone ages was so dangerous a rival of the 'college of fishermen' as the idol of methodism. Certainly not Constantine, for whose especial glorification the high-sounding title of 'peer of the apostles' was first invented by his fawning prelates, who were, doubtless, far more indebted to him than to them. He took great liberties, on the strength of the spiritual omnipotence which his flatterers, by such impious adulation, encouraged him to assume. But the ridiculous usurpation was simply a piece of court orthodoxy, which, from the nature of the case, could never lay hold upon men's hearts. To utter the *word* in such a case is often quite enough to dissolve the spell, since it unmasks at once the glaring contrast between the ideal and its pretended realization. Rome understands this well, and therefore, while ascribing to her popes all the plenitude of apostolical power, scrupulously avoids directly styling them apostles. And so does methodism. It never goes the length of asserting that John of Epworth had as much right to legislate for Christ's people as John of Ephesus. Yet, who does not see that the regulations made from time to time by the founder of methodism—as his followers most significantly make a point of always styling this really great and good, but still very fallible man—have had more influence in determining its polity, not to say its theology, than the writings of all the apostles put together? Even the seceders from its communion, not excepting the last, have not been able entirely to break loose from this unchristian bondage to a merely human name; nor has any circumstance served to weaken their various protests so much as this idolatrous pro-

pensity. Doubtless every fresh secession has been a marked improvement upon the previous one in this respect, and the disposition which the Wesleyan reformers have shown, especially in the first outbreak of the movement, to stand or fall by the New Testament alone, is a most hopeful sign.

Happily this has always been the watchword of the two great sections of congregational christendom. The independent polity claims to be the original and apostolic constitution of the churches of Christ. It, therefore, must have a *history*, at least if the assumption be correct. Between its rise in the birth-throes of the Church, and its restoration amidst the pangs of her second birth, there is the mournful, but not un instructive tale of its decline and fall. Now, we are aware that there are not a few amongst us who attach but little, if any importance to this intermediate period. They lay what we should call, not an undue, but an exclusive stress upon the scripture proof of independency, and certainly do not rate very highly, even if they refrain from openly disparaging, the historical argument in its favour. Occasionally, perhaps, a secret misgiving is felt that on this field we should be beaten, whilst our New Testament position is justly held to be unassailable. And yet, how is it possible that the inspired history should close with the apostolic polity everywhere in full vigour, and the uninspired open upon its ruins? Who does not see, that to relinquish our place in the pages of the latter would be tantamount to an unconditional surrender of our higher ground? All, therefore, who are wisely jealous for the honour of the Bible argument, will beware of slighting the historical. We would yield to none in our estimate of the cogency and dignity, to say nothing about the greatly superior handiness of a straightforward appeal to the Word of God, although we should be disposed to argue in favour of our views, more from their harmony with the entire spirit of the Christian revelation than from isolated texts, strong as we deem these to be. What secures the Church of the future to independency is this, that it is the only system of ecclesiastical polity which, alike theoretically and practically, abjures the utterly antichristian distinction between active and passive citizens of the Kingdom of God. So long as men hold to that thoroughly unevangelical figment, which *pro tanto* ignores the redemption, so long may the Church be either prelatical or presbyterian; the latter, if the people's masters be an aristocratic caste; the former, if that caste be organized on the monarchical type. But where every Christian is conscious that he is a unit and not a cipher in the circle of redeemed humanity, there the limits of the visible church must necessarily coincide with those of the local assembly. Such was the case in the beginning, and

such will be the case in the end. But they to whom is committed the honourable mission of reinstating in its rights the Christian polity, and of securing its universal triumph, may indefinitely postpone the glorious day of victory by an unskilful conduct of their hallowed cause. It is not only by a practical abuse of the freedom which they enjoy, that the independents may discredit their principles before the world. We may also seriously damage them by mistaking a part of our case for the whole. If we choose to ignore the fifteen centuries which elapsed between Paul and Brown, or Robinson, others will not. The supercilious scorn with which we treat the past will be flung back upon ourselves in the present. This is or has been the reproach of protestantism in general, and those whose aim is to complete the reformation by the erection of a temple, in which the restored religion of the New Testament may recognise her primitive home, should be foremost in rolling it away. By the process of historical induction patiently to track the bleeding footsteps of the erring Church from Jerusalem to Babylon, in order to show the unhappy lost one the way back to her Father's house,—this is a problem worthy of our ablest and most accomplished minds. Yet how little has been done, or is doing amongst us, to meet this urgent want of the times. Mr. Fletcher's 'History of Independency' was a step in the right direction, and especially considering that he had no forerunners in his career, it is worthy of high commendation. But it stands well nigh isolated in modern dissenting literature. We have already referred to Dr. Schaff's estimate of English achievements in general in the department of church history. Here is another and more detailed extract upon the subject, in which we may well blush to find not a single name belonging to either section of the great Independent body:—

'There have appeared in the English language, since Gibbon, only a few works on the general history of the church which can lay claim to independent scholarship. These are written, indeed, in a much better spirit (that is the Christian), but certainly with far less brilliant talent than the illustrious production of the English Tacitus, and none of them has been carried down to the present time. Of these works, Dr. BURTON's 'Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the first three centuries' (till 313) are, perhaps, the most learned and accurate; but besides being rather dry and dull, they hardly can lay claim to be considered a regular history, since they are not systematically arranged, and pass over many important points altogether, or treat them merely as events. Of more permanent value are his eight Bampton Lectures on the 'Heresies of the Apostolic Age,' the most learned work we have in English on Gnosticism. The Church History of WADDINGTON is more complete, extending from the apostolic age to the Reformation, but, in general, treats its subjects in quite an outward mechanical way, and does not rise above the position of Mosheim. It abandons,

however, the centurial division, and substitutes for it a much more natural division of the history before the Reformation into five periods; the first, to Constantine the Great; the second, to Charlemagne; the third, to the death of Gregory VII.; the fourth, to the death of Boniface VIII.; the fifth, to the Reformation. The third English work to which we refer is the *History of Christianity* by MILLMAN. It comprises only the first five centuries, but contains, at the same time, an extended account of the life of Christ (ch. 2-7), with reference particularly to Strauss's work. Its plan, also, is new. Its principal object is to describe "the reciprocal influence of civilization on Christianity, and of Christianity on civilization." This draws into it much that belongs more to the history of general culture than to proper church history; while, on the contrary, the history of theology and doctrine is very imperfectly and unsatisfactorily treated. Milman, moreover, has an advantage over Waddington, in being pretty extensively acquainted with the modern German investigators in heathen and Christian antiquity. DR. DAVID WELSH, of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, commenced a general church history, which was to come down to the end of the sixteenth century, in six or seven volumes; but his death (1845) prevented him from completing more than the first volume, which covers the same period as Milman's *History*.* It is a respectable beginning of a literature on church history in Scotland, where, as Welsh properly remarks, "systematic and practical theology have occupied the attention to the comparative neglect of exegesis and history."

The study of church history shared in the impulse given to English theology in general within the last twenty years by the important Anglo-catholic movement of *Puseyism* or *Tractarianism*, which originated in the University of Oxford, in 1833, and in a short time spread through the whole Episcopal church of England and America, and brought, perhaps, one-third of her clergy to the brink of Romanism. The study of the church fathers was revived and carried on mostly in a pious and reverent, but rather slavish and mechanical spirit. Translations of them and compilations from them, and a translation of Fleury's *Church History*, were prepared, and the history of the first five centuries variously elucidated in the celebrated 'Tracts for the Times,' and also in larger works, but for the most part under a bias in favour of the semi-Romish system.† But this very study of ecclesiastical antiquity, and the discovery that its prevailing spirit was far more akin to catholicism than to protestantism, contributed greatly towards the final transition of the theological leader of the movement, *Dr. John Henry Newman*, and a considerable number of like-minded and distinguished clergymen, from the Anglican to the Roman church; and the remarkably ingenious and learned work of Newman, on the 'Development of Christian Doctrine,' which he wrote imme-

* This is a mistake. It embraces only the three first centuries.

† In a note Dr. Schaff mentions PALMER'S *Ecclesiastical History* and other works of the same writer.

diately before his decisive step, shows us the logical course from Anglo-catholicism to the more consistent Roman-catholicism.

On the other hand, however, Puseyism has roused also the zeal and literary activity of the low-church party in the Episcopal body, and has called forth, in particular, a historical work, which we must not fail to mention here, on account of its extensive patristic learning and skilful representations. We mean ISAAC TAYLOR's 'Ancient Christianity.' In this work the author adduces the writings of the most distinguished church fathers, especially their eulogies on the martyrs; their enthusiasm for the monastic and unmarried life; their extravagant veneration of Mary and of the saints, and their wonder-working relics, together with the extremely unfavourable, though certainly over-wrought pictures, which Salvian, a presbyter of Marseilles, drew about A.D. 440, of the moral condition of the church in his time; and from these he attempts to show that the Nicene age, which the present Puseyites hold up as a model, and would fain reproduce, was already suffering under almost all the errors and moral infirmities of Romanism; nay, that the latter was in many respects an improvement on the old Catholic church. Assuredly the facts which this original, vigorous, and earnest writer combines from the sources, form an incontrovertible argument against Puseyism, which rests to a considerable extent on illusions, and against that undiscerning and extravagant admiration of the ancient church, which makes it the golden age of Christianity, and in every respect the model for our own. But, on the other hand, it must also be affirmed, that Taylor gives the dark side of the picture very disproportionate prominence; erroneously derives the peculiar Catholic doctrines and usages of that period, especially the whole ascetic system, from the Gnostic and Manichean heresies, and regards them as the apostasy, the mystery of iniquity, the anti-christ predicted in the New Testament;* instead of recognising the Christian element at the bottom of them, and appreciating their beneficent influence on the history of missions, for example, and the civilization of the nations in the middle ages. He, moreover, falls into a striking and irreconcilable contradiction. Such men as Athanasius, Ambrose, Augustine, Chrysostom, he, on the one hand, greatly admires for their learning, virtue, and piety, regarding the church fathers in general, as the main bearers and leaders of Christianity in their day; and yet, on the other, he makes them the originators and grand promoters of the anti-Christian apostasy.† Hence, notwithstanding all his beautiful and pointed remarks, in the beginning of his work, respecting the importance and necessity of church history, he himself lacks the great requisite for the proper study of it, the true historical stand-point.

The Puseyite and anti-Puseyite literature, especially this work of Taylor, and other valuable monographs of former date,‡ prove that England, particularly the Episcopal church, which has always laid

* Which Dr. Schaff evidently does not.

† We confess we cannot discern the contradiction.

‡ Dr. Schaff, in a note, particularly specifies those of the late Bishop KAYE.

great stress on its real or supposed agreement with the Nicene and ante-Nicene age, and hence has far more interest in [its] history and antiquities than the dissenters and Presbyterians, is by no means lacking in thorough knowledge of single sections of church history which bear upon special denominational or party objects, as also in distinguished power of historical criticism and representation; though her most prominent talents, certainly, as in Macaulay, Grote, and Thirlwall, have been devoted chiefly to the history of modern England and ancient Greece.—Ib. pp. 149-155.

If, after criticizing Dr. Schaff's 'Church History,' we have allowed him to review at some length in our pages such recent English performances in the same branch of sacred learning as happen to have crossed his path, we trust our readers will not require us to justify ourselves, by pleading that this is only fair play. Apart from our present purpose, the opinion of an intelligent foreigner, quite familiar with the subject of which he is treating, upon the state of any particular science amongst us, is always interesting, and can scarcely fail to be instructive. Such a judgment is, of course, liable to a more or less heavy discount, on the score of defective information; and in the case before us, it would be easy to name many not quite despicable works altogether overlooked by Dr. Schaff. But with every abatement made on this and similar grounds, it must be confessed that the above picture, is by no means soothing to our national pride. If, with all his evident good nature, and his strongly evinced disposition to say something in our praise, the most Dr. Schaff can afford us is a patronizing pat on the back in the hope that we shall do better in the future than we have managed to do in the past, we have certainly not much to boast of. As to the dissenters, it is plain that he regards us as simply 'nowhere' in the race. We are not even 'placed.' We may have men amongst us of European and Transatlantic fame; but not in the department of church history, which yet, ought to be *our* peculiar province. At present, we believe, there is not one professorial chair in any of our Baptist or Independent colleges *specifically* devoted to this science. It is high time that this were looked to by those whom it concerns. Are there no wealthy laymen amongst us who will serve their own and future generations by endowing such a chair? This would be a beginning, from which great results might be hoped for. Surely it is a science which might well task the entire energies of an intellectual Atlas, and ought not to be thrown in as a makeweight along with some other, and, perhaps, quite alien subject. Meanwhile, and until we can emulate and even surpass them, we ought to feel thankful for such works as this of Dr. Schaff's.

ART. III.—*Narrative of a Journey through Syria and Palestine in the Years 1851 and 1852.* By C. W. M. Van De Velde, late Lieut. Dutch R.N., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Translated under the Author's Superintendence. Svo. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons.

RECORDS of travel in Palestine are much more numerous than satisfactory. Certain parts of that interesting land have been described again and again, and we must say that the descriptions do not often awaken any very strong emotions. They really make us little better acquainted with the spots of sacred recollections in the Holy Land than we were before, and frequently they only serve to bewilder us with conflicting opinions and useless speculations. All, however, are not of this character. Some are delightfully graphic and simple, contrasting most agreeably with the pedantic and sentimental productions of those who seem to have thought it necessary that in describing any object of interest in Palestine they should either make a display of archæological knowledge, or work themselves up to a state of devout enthusiasm. We are disposed to ascribe the unsatisfactory nature of several books, like the one before us, to a mistaken apprehension of what such narratives of travel ought to be. No man well acquainted with his Bible, or possessing even an ordinary amount of sensibility, can, we believe, avoid being occasionally carried away by his feelings in traversing that land,—

‘Where walked the blessed feet
Of Him who was on earth, and is in heaven,’

and where, so far as we can know, the greatest event which ever occurred in God's universe transpired. Every object on which the eye of the traveller rests has its hallowed associations. To the mind which loves to ponder over the remains of other days and other orders of things, Palestine presents antiquities compared with which the classic spots surrounded by the half-fabulous associations of ancient history, possess what may almost be called a recently bequeathed interest. ‘New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,’ since that interest was awakened; yet the traveller in Palestine is led to scenes of a far more remote, and a more impressive, because more simple, grandeur. The thoughtful mind cannot fail to be impressed by the many memorials which are there presented of a once potent and advanced civilization, and these will be rendered all the more solemn by a comparison with the social and moral desolation which marks the heritage of Jacob now. It is to the Christian mind, however, that Palestine

presents most attractions, and for which its associations are of the deepest interest. Yet, while these must be regarded as special considerations in judging of a book of travels in the Holy Land, we see no reason why such a book should differ very essentially from any ordinary record of travel, or why the author's reflections should form as large a portion of it as his descriptions of the objects by which these were suggested. Most readers of such a narrative would, we believe, rather reflect for themselves upon the circumstances which the scenes of Palestine recall, and would be satisfied with graphic accounts of these, or a careful consideration of the evidence which leads the traveller to identify them as places connected in the mind of the Christian and of the Biblical student with the names and events that are greatest in the world's history.

M. Van De Velde's book is rather too much of the reflective order. He seems to have set out upon his journey under the influence of a devout enthusiasm, and with his mind made up to no certain course. His professed object, it is true, was to accomplish a geometrical survey of the Holy Land, but as the results of his investigations only take the form of a discursive narrative in the epistolary style, we are led to conclude either that his scientific mission was not fully carried out, or that the record of it will be given to the public in some subsequent work. The few drawings and maps given in these volumes do not differ in any important features from those of ordinary travellers, and we cannot, therefore, regard them as the only results of the survey.

The tone in which he writes shows him to be a person of deep religious feeling, of considerable attainments, and of an energetic character. We are not sure, however, that his readers will enter fully into all his religious impressions, some of them bordering, as we think, on weakness, and evincing an excitement by no means fitting him for an impartial consideration of the difficulties connected with his journey. And the difficulties of a traveller in Palestine are neither few nor small. Setting aside the perils and vicissitudes of a pilgrimage among people notoriously dishonest, and in a land, the customs of whose inhabitants are not generally conducive to comfort, not a little annoyance and anxiety must be caused by the conflicting evidence furnished by those who have previously traversed the same localities, and by local traditions regarding those places which are really most worthy of examination. M. Van De Velde endeavoured to get rid of this difficulty by striking out a track for himself, visiting places which his predecessors had either passed unnoticed, or had not been able to reach, and taking, as it were, a zig-zag course from Beirut to the Jordan, and from

thence to Jerusalem. His outset was somewhat unpropitious. On his way from Brussels to Paris he lost his railway ticket for a time, and until it was restored to him by the guard, who had picked it up at the station, he was disposed to ask himself whether it was not a sign that the Lord was against him. This discouragement having passed away, he set sail, and on his way to Beirut he sketches very graphically the various places of interest which he passed, such as the shores of Greece, Rhodes, Smyrna, and Cyprus. His first experience of Eastern travel was severe, for he started from Sidon in the winter, and was frequently overtaken by violent storms. His journey lay through a wild tract of country, whose few inhabitants were not distinguished for hospitality. Even his guide, accustomed to the severity of an Eastern winter, was more than once nearly overcome, but M. Van De Velde, who himself seems to have borne up with more than ordinary fortitude, pushed his way onward most resolutely, cheered now and then by the sight of some object which awakened a train of pious reflections, and by the consciousness that he had so far realized his long-cherished desire of visiting the sacred scenes of Palestine.

After leaving Sidon, M. Van De Velde proceeded to Hasbeiya, where several of the protestant missionaries have taken up their abode, and from thence he made excursions to various places of interest in the surrounding country. On his return, however, he met with a misfortune which had well nigh put an end to his travels, and which, to a person of his apparent sensibility, was not a little disheartening. During his absence his room had been broken into, and all, or nearly all, his valuables and money carried off. To trace the offender was of course a work of no ordinary difficulty, and by his own account the character of the judicial tribunals would have afforded a very indifferent guarantee for restitution, even if the thieves had been taken. His operations were thus for some time suspended; but he was not without encouragements; and after some delay he again set out, arriving at Tyre, and exploring the ruins there, and subsequently proceeding in zig-zag tours through Western Galilee. While residing at Tibuin, M. Van De Velde had an opportunity of seeing the effects of the Turkish conscription upon this outlying portion of the Ottoman empire. The pacha of Beirut, with a large escort, was proceeding through the country for the purpose of raising recruits for the Sultan's army, the difficulty with Russia having already begun to assume a serious aspect. The heart-rending scenes incident to a forced enlistment cannot, we should imagine, be much worse in the East than they have been elsewhere, but they afford M. Van De Velde an occasion for indulging in many sad and serious reflections. It is plain, that his observation of

the existing state of things in Palestine have not given him a favourable impression of Turkish rule. He speaks strongly on the subject.

'My breast glowed with indignation,' he says, 'at the thought of the iniquity and oppression with which the poor people are trodden down. How comes it that slavery in the Far West should fill the hearts of the nations with sympathy, while they forget this other slavery in the East—a slavery beneath which, in another form, whole millions are sighing? How is it that England should submit to so many immense sacrifices in loosing the bonds of heathen slaves in America, and yet protect the Sultan of Turkey, and make every effort to maintain the independence of the Turkish empire, without paying the least regard to the blood and tears of its Christian subjects? . . . I have perused many a writing, in which from England herself there has been exhibited to England her great vocation in the East, and I have often lamented to perceive in these writings the impure principles of a cowardly selfishness.'—Vol. i. p. 199.

This passage affords an illustration of the manner in which our author allows his feelings to overcome his judgment, and to look at political events generally, as well as the internal economy of the Turkish empire, through the wrong medium. He ought at least to know, that our interference on behalf of Turkey is designed to save her subjects, Moslem as well as Christian, from a harder yoke than they have yet borne; and so strong an expression of indignation as we have just quoted is not very consistent with a notable fact which he refers to in another part of his narrative,—viz., that it was British influence exercised by Lord Stratford De Redcliffe which procured for the Christians in the East the amount of toleration they now enjoy. His own experience taught him, that the adherents of the Greek church regard the Protestants with much greater aversion than the Moslems do, and yet he would probably have Britain to withdraw a protection which alone prevents the whole of Turkey from falling into the hands of the despot who is the head of that church. Admitting that the internal economy of the Ottoman empire is ill regulated, and little calculated to promote either the comfort of the people or the prosperity of the country; granting that the Christian subjects of the Porte experience peculiar hardships; the influence which has already brought about reforms may reasonably be expected to do so still, and it is only by the exercise of that influence in present circumstances that Great Britain can hope to diminish the evil which M. Van De Velde deplures. Certainly that end would never have been attained had Turkey been abandoned to the rapacity of her northern enemy.

But to return to the narrative. M. Van De Velde, in company with Dr. Kalley, whose name will be familiar to most readers

from its connexion with certain outrages upon religious liberty in the island of Madeira, visited Carmel, recognising, as they conceived, in a place called El-Mohhraka, the site of Elijah's sacrifice, which most travellers have supposed to be at the seaward side of the mountain. Portions of the evidence adduced by the author for this belief are plausible enough; but others seem to us somewhat strained, particularly where he refers to what he supposes to have been the reservoir or tank out of which the water was drawn to fill the trench around the prophet's altar. Proof of this kind is entirely hypothetical, quite as much so at least as some which we find M. Van De Velde rejecting as improbable. Pursuing his journey towards Samaria, our traveller passed through the valley of Sharon, and visited Shechem. This part of his route was rendered memorable by what we are disposed to consider one of his most interesting discoveries—viz., the situation of Dothan. Many travellers, most of them, indeed, have supposed this place to be in Galilee, and far removed from the locality in which the patriarch Jacob resided at the time his favourite son was sent out to his brethren upon an errand which so mysteriously contributed towards a complete change in the early history of Israel. M. Van De Velde was led, however, to examine a place of that name about twelve miles to the north of Samaria, and he came to the conclusion, upon what may be regarded as tolerably good evidence, that this was the spot at which Joseph met his brethren. Still, the evidence rests, in great part, upon the local tradition which has either preserved or given the name to the place, and if we are to accept of such evidence, we must take leave to remind M. Van De Velde that he cannot very consistently question the discoveries of others, which rest on a basis precisely the same in all its essential features.

We must pass over the various references to spots of sacred interest which M. Van De Velde visited prior to his arrival at Jerusalem. These have all been described by preceding travellers, and we find nothing really new about them in these volumes. In the course of his journey, our author experienced many annoyances from the cupidity of the Arabs, and they seem to have occurred at times when the tone of his feelings rendered them most intolerable. His solitary meditations were again and again broken in upon by bands of dirty beggars, whose fierce gestures and demands for *baksheesh* were sufficient to drive away everything like unworldly reflections, and bring him back to a sense of those more pitiable features of humanity, which seem to assume a peculiar prominence in contrast with the exalted associations of the sacred land. His visit to Jacob's well was marked by an incident of the kind to which we refer. He arrived there about an hour before the time at which he supposes the Woman

of Samaria to have come to draw water, and halted with the view of devoting a few hours to pious meditation. He had scarcely done so, however, before the rapacious inhabitants of a neighbouring village came down upon him in full force, and baffled all his attempts to get rid of them.

M. Van De Velde seems to have reserved much of his enthusiasm for his approach to Jerusalem, but on arriving at the height from which he could look down upon the Holy City, he appears to have been overcome with emotion not less strong than that which animated the pilgrims of the early ages. He wisely attempts no laboured description of the city and surrounding scenery, and has even been at less pains to record his reflections upon it than upon places of far inferior interest. What he does say, however, is temperate, impressive, and suggestive. His arrival at Jerusalem was highly opportune and propitious. His misfortune at Hasbeiya had so far diminished his resources as to occasion considerable anxiety, and lead him to fear that he might be restricted in carrying out the objects of his journey. Here he found letters from several friends awaiting him, each of them containing pecuniary contributions, calculated to relieve him from further uneasiness. After considerable delay caused by negotiations with the Bedouins in the vicinity of Bethlehem for proper guides and an escort to the Dead Sea, M. Van De Velde prepared himself for what he seems to have considered the most difficult part of his journey. He first visited several spots of interest at a comparatively moderate distance from Hebron. One of them—the Cave of Adullam—still known as David's Cave, he thus describes:—

‘The entrance is strait, and completely concealed by the stones; accordingly, there prevails little or no light within, at least for those who pass from the fierce light of day into the dark cavern of the calcareous rock. The spot was sacred in my regard, and extremely remarkable. . . . The same narrow natural vaulting at the entrance; the same huge natural chamber in the rock, probably the place where Saul lay down to rest in the heat of the day; the same wide vaults, too, where David and his men lay concealed, when, accustomed to the obscurity of the cavern, they saw Saul enter, while Saul, blinded by the glare of light outside, saw nothing of him whom he so bitterly persecuted. . . . It appears that this cave has never been thoroughly explored. The Arabs believe that the subterranean passages run along as far as to Hebron, a distance of at least eighteen English miles. But who is to verify this? Many have already tried, they say, to advance as far as possible with torches and ropes; but every time the torches were too few, and the ropes too short. People also get speedily into such a labyrinth of vaulted passages, that they know not which to enter, in order to reach the innermost recesses of the cave. This

much is true, that those who are fond of such explorations, will find plenty of work in this cavern. What a retreat, too, must such a cave afford for a fugitive!—*Ib.* pp. 33-35.

M. Van De Velde attached more than ordinary importance to his visit to the Dead Sea. Before leaving Europe, he had heard M. De Sauley expound his so-called discoveries in that interesting region, and at a subsequent interview the French traveller presented him with such manuscript copies of his maps and plans as were likely to be useful to him in examining the Plain of the Pentapolis. But it would appear that M. Van De Velde entertained some doubt as to the authenticity of M. De Sauley's discoveries, even before setting out; for in one of the early pages of his narrative, he expresses his fears that he will not be able to corroborate them. He cannot, therefore, be said to have entered quite impartially upon the exploration of the shores of the Dead Sea; at least he had not been able to divest his mind of suspicion regarding the theory of M. De Sauley. He seems to have gone over the whole, or nearly the whole region with the distinct purpose of testing that theory, and after doing so he emphatically pronounces it to be untenable, conceiving that he has proved the alleged discoveries of the French traveller to be altogether valueless. In noticing M. De Sauley's work a few months ago, we characterized his theory regarding the Cities of the Plain as at least plausible, and as resting to some extent on evidence which could only be disproved by an examination of the localities referred to. Although M. Van De Velde has been at some pains to show us that they rest solely in M. De Sauley's imagination, and may be traced to his credulity in accepting the statements of his guide, we are not prepared to receive his statement as a refutation of the arguments by which M. De Sauley supports his views. Let us look for a little at the opinions which our author expresses regarding them. He tells us that M. De Sauley's entire discoveries rest upon the finding of Sodom, or rather, upon the supposition that certain appearances seen on the side of the Djebel Usdoun, or Mountain of Sodom, indicate that the site of the doomed city was on that spot. The Frenchman was struck by these appearances, and on asking the guide where Sodom stood, he was told that it stood here. He then inquired as to whether the heaps of stones, apparently indicating the site of buildings, were to be considered remains of the ancient city, and was answered in the affirmative, other appearances of a similar kind being at the same time pointed out. On this information, M. De Sauley proceeded with his examination of these places, and on the results of that examination he founds his discovery. Now the manner in which M. Van De Velde meets this is singular. He tells us, first of all, that the heaps of stones

in which M. De Sauley recognised the remains of buildings, had been noticed by Robinson, Teetsen, and others, without any particular remark being made regarding them, and he subsequently adds—'I must acknowledge that one is easily led to see in these rocks the ruins of towns and buildings.' The circumstance of other travellers having noticed the stones referred to, does not, in our opinion, go any great way to prove that their peculiar position is the result of the action of the rain, as is here maintained, inasmuch as M. De Sauley may, and indeed appears to, have examined them much more attentively than his predecessors had done. We are thus led to look at the matter as one between him and our author, and as a matter of opinion only. But M. Van De Velde goes further, and represents M. De Sauley as having been duped by his Bedouin guide, who, he maintains, is quite ready, for a pecuniary consideration, to point out the site of any remarkable place which the generous traveller may wish to discover. It appears from several references in the narrative before us, that while the author was resolute in withstanding the demands of the Bedouins, the Frenchman was remarkably liberal in the bestowal of *baksheesh*, and that Abou Dahouk, his guide, gratified him by pointing out these heaps of stones as the remains of Sodom, in return for his liberality. Now, we must allow the reader to take this explanation for what it is worth, and express our surprise that knowing the character of the Bedouins, M. Van De Velde did not attempt to question them about the visit of M. De Sauley, and the information which was given him. He does not appear to have done this, and we are therefore led to understand that the alleged discovery was all a mistake, simply because M. Van De Velde thinks so. We must recollect, however, that our author made the discovery of Dothan, and the site of Elijah's altar at Carmel, on information very similar to that on which M. De Sauley founded his theory, and that the evidence in support of the one was not one wit better than that offered in support of the other. In short, we cannot regard M. Van De Velde's attempted refutation of the so-called discovery at the Mountain of Sodom as at all satisfactory. Nay, he admits it as probable, that the city stood in that locality, and moreover, he has said nothing as to how the place should still bear the name of Sodom. We are not sure that he is right in supposing that the whole of M. De Sauley's theory rests upon the discovery of the site of Sodom. It appears to us that the evidence, if such it can be called, for the discovery there, is quite different from that upon which the supposed discovery of Zoar at Zuweirah is founded, and in regard to which M. Van De Velde's objections are much more worthy of attention, although they partake of the character of broad assertions rather than of any strong proofs.

Upon the whole, we regard our author's views of M. De Sauley's theory as inconclusive and unsatisfactory, and we therefore anticipate with some interest the appearance of Dr. Robinson's 'Later Biblical Researches in the Holy Land, in 1852,' which is announced for immediate publication, as a work likely to afford us some distinct evidence of the truth or error in M. De Sauley's belief. The probability is, that a careful examination of the localities to which he points will result in the discovery of remains belonging to a much later age, if there are remains; it ought at least to furnish us with better reasons than M. Van De Velde has given us for supposing that the appearances which M. De Sauley mistook for ruins have been produced merely by the ordinary action of the elements.

After exploring the shores of the Dead Sea, M. Van De Velde returned to Jerusalem, and spent some time in surveying the city and the neighbouring country. He gives us an interesting account of the progress of Christian missions in the Holy City, and of the deplorable condition of the Jewish population. He also devoted a considerable portion of his time to the examination of the antiquities of Jerusalem, but, generally speaking, he has little faith in the identity of sacred places and sites. Of the Garden of Gethsemane he thus speaks:—

'The small parcel of ground, 160 English feet in length, and 150 feet in breadth, at present enclosed by a high quadrangular, white-plastered wall, and the spot which, since the days of the Empress Helena, has been pointed by tradition as the Garden of Gethsemane, and which may indeed have been the scene of the bitter agony and soul-anguish of our blessed Lord, has lost all its original characteristics. According to Jerome, in his time, a church had been built over the place, and if that church extended over the whole garden, the olive trees, of course, must have been removed to make room for it. Nevertheless, people will tell us, that the trees which we now find here are the very same that were there at the time of our Lord.

'It is possible, however, that the ancient oratory was small, and covered only the hollow rock, where, according to the usual custom of identifying everything with caves, the monks maintain that the Lord offered up his thrice-repeated prayer. Be this as it may, and be the tradition true or not, there has been as fierce a strife about Gethsemane as about any other of the so-called holy places; the Latins have carried the day, and the Greeks, by way of compensation, have made it out that the piece of ground which their rivals have secured is not the true Gethsemane, while they point to another spot, lying a few yards more to the north, as being the identical garden, taking good care at the same time to surround it with a wall as their own property. . . . The wall that now surrounds the eight old olive-trees is quite of modern date. It would appear that the monks had found it necessary to build it; first, in order to assure themselves of the possession of the ground, and, again, in order to prevent twigs and leaves being broken off the trees without the payment of a baksheesh, seeing that no traveller ever visits Gethsemane without wishing to bring away with

him some such memorial of his pilgrimage. The wall once completed, the monks have ornamented the garden according to the usual practice of the Romish church. Little paths and flower-beds, ornamental railings, and other contrivances, have changed Gethsemane into a place which cannot but suggest to the visitor the idea of a tea-garden. If you have any desire to enter, you will find a little door in a corner of the eastern wall, at which you only need to knock, when it will be opened by a monk, who, for a few piastres, will be glad to gratify you. As respects myself I have too great a loathing for these Romish embellishments, and prefer remaining outside, while from the general character of the valley of Cedron at this place, I can well enough imagine how the Saviour liked to seclude himself there in a garden, where the thick foliage of the olives and other fruit trees must have hid him from the observation of men. To this day the olive-trees in the valley are remarkable for the weight and luxuriance of their branches and foliage. Somewhere thereabouts must Gethsemane have been, beneath such a shade, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and close to the brook of Cedron.'—*Ib.* pp. 204—206.

Regarding the so-called 'Tombs of the Kings,' in which M. De Sauley supposed that he had discovered the sepulchres of David and his descendants, M. Van De Velde expresses an opinion similar in most respects to that of other travellers. He inclines to the belief that the monument which the Frenchman examined with so much care may be the tomb of Helena; and he contends for the old opinion that King David and his line were buried on Mount Zion, or within the City of David; an opinion against which M. De Sauley urges the Jewish law of extramural burials.

From the Holy City our traveller made several excursions, going as far as the Land of the Philistines, and visiting the site of Beersheba, the frontier town of Israel, still marked by wells of water. He then took a northern course by the upper end of the Dead Sea, and thence proceeded to Jericho, Ai, and on to Gilboa and Tabor, making a detour towards the Jordan. We cannot follow him in this journey, which presented many circumstances of peculiar interest, and was one of the most agreeable of his many wanderings. Suffice it to say, that the characteristic features of the several localities are sketched in a very graphic manner, and the Scripture texts which bear upon them given with much appropriateness. This, indeed, may be said of M. Van De Velde's narrative generally. His knowledge of Scripture has enabled him to trace out localities better than some who have preceded him in the same tract of travel; and the apposite character of his illustrations throws much light upon the pictures which he gives us of the spots he visited. Without returning to Jerusalem, he proceeded to Nazareth, walked round a portion of the shore of the Sea of Tiberias, and again touching on the Upper Jordan, returned to Beirut by the interesting but some-

times difficult route which led him through Cælo-Syria, across the Anti-Libanus to Damascus, and down the western side of Lebanon. These names merely indicate, of course, the immense extent of country over which M. Van De Velde travelled on his homeward route; our space does not permit us to touch upon those portions of his narrative which refer to this long, and in many respects important, journey.

As a whole, these volumes are full of valuable information; and although the epistolary form in which the narrative is written, and the frequent digressions in which the author indulges, have a tendency to render them somewhat dull and heavy, they are well worthy of an attentive and thoughtful perusal.

ART. IV.—*Balder*. Part the First. By the Author of the 'Roman.'
London: Smith, Elder & Co.

'BALDER' is a kind of subjective drama, if such a term may be permitted to express a form of poetic utterance which is peculiarly the produce of this century. The form appears to us to be one of the necessities of the subject. We do not see that the poet puts himself into comparison with the old masters of the objective drama, and thus fails in producing a work of art. He has little or nothing in common with them. Their plays were written for the stage, and it was necessary that they should contain a variety of character, so that they might evolve their thought by means of incident and action. 'Balder' is not an acting drama, nor could any number of characters have better availed to evolve the poet's conception, and it is foolish to complain of want of action in a poem which does not admit of action. Nor does it, like the acting drama, simply appeal to those feelings which are the common property of educated and uneducated. It is a drama of internal experience, an intellectual phase, and not a transcript of human emotions common to all. The nature of the thing to be evolved is subjective, the class of mind it especially appeals to is subjective, and these naturally determine the form of the poem. So far from 'Balder' evincing any lack of constructive art, we think the art manifested is very perfect. All has been done that we see possible or necessary. It must at all times depend upon the constitution of the mind appealed to, whether a poem be best rendered epically, dramatically, or egotistically; but it is an undeniable fact, that the old epic way of narrating, and dramatic mode of delineating, are more and more giving

place to the subjective method. The form then of 'Balder,' we look upon as admirably adapted to the spirit, and both as the natural growth of the present time.

The 'characters' consist of 'Balder,' his wife Amy, and their babe; the physician, Dr. Paul; and an artist friend, who looks in on them only once. The 'scenes' number forty-two, but there is little to see, save with the eye of the mind. There is little variety in the way of incident, place, and circumstance. The spectators of the objective drama sit in front of the 'scenes,' but here we are permitted to go behind.

A study in an old tower, which has a window overlooking the country, with books, statues, and manuscripts, reveals 'Balder' to us. Through a door communicating with an adjoining room, we hear the voice of Amy, the wife of Balder. This tower and the outlook constitute the principal stock in scenery.

In the first 'scene' we find Balder musing a soliloquized communion with the old tower and the face of Nature. He feels a sense of loneliness in her presence, and appears half conscious that she has not shown him her open secret. In the second 'scene' we hear the voice of Amy and the rocking of a cradle. She sings to her sleeping babe a wild, sweet, Ophelia-like plaint,—one of the many strains of rich minor music that come from that room with such a wildering pathos, sweet as first love, sad as autumn winds, and magical as those subtle snatches of precious melody that have sprung from the 'depths of some divine despair,' and come to us wailing of a far-off Eden, to haunt the heart for ever. Amy realizes for us the old fable of the nightingale singing with the bridal-thorn in her bosom, and one might also infer that the wife of a poet has often to feel the piercing of the crown of thorns, when the beloved brow rests on her bosom.

In scene the third Balder begins to prune the wings of his conceit for no ordinary flight. He informs us that he has seen all sights, and knows all things save one, and that is death; and death he must see before he has attained his perfect manhood. A man need not see death, one would think, who has a beloved wife and child that may die. For the wise man the fruit of knowledge grows on the tree of life, and he need not seek to pull it up in order to see what jewels may be discovered in the earth at its roots.

Balder talks grandly of his epic, how he wrought it, and what it shall do for him, and for the world; his egotism here reaches a kind of simple sublimity. He turns from that subject to muse upon his relationship to his fellow man. For a moment he flatters himself that he comprehends the whole varied round of human existence in his own single nature, and is a kind of con-

scious Shakespeare. Suddenly the voice of Amy breaks in, singing a strain of unspeakable beauty.

‘The cuckoo-lamb is merry on the lea,
The daisied lea; I would I were the lamb!
While that the lark will pipe, the lamb will dance,
And when the lark is mute, he danceth still:
Up springs the lark, and pipes again for joy!
He more by birth, than we by toil and skill,
Is happy with no labour but to live;
He leapeth early and he leapeth late;
He leapeth in the sunshine and the rain;
Nor fears the hour that will not find him blest,
And milky plenty sauntering by his side.
Also the lamb that doth not toil nor spin,
Lies where he will, and where he lieth sleeps.
Sleeps on the hill-top, like a cloud o’ the hill;
Sleeps where the trembling lily of the vale—
Albeit she is so spotless—sleepeth not;
But like a naked fairy, fears all night
The wind, that for her beauty cannot sleep.
Sleeps on the nettle or the violet,
Or where the sun doth warm his trance with light,
Or where the runnel murmureth cool dreams,
Or where the eglantine, not yet in bloom,
Like a sweet girl full of her sweeter thought,
Reveals unheard the sweetness still to be.
Or where the darnel nods, and as they tell
Of beauty nursed upon a savage dug,
Sucks grace from the harsh bosom of the waste.
Sleeps in the meadow buttercups at noon—
A babe a-slumber in a golden crib—
Or like a daisy by the wayside white,
And like a daisy quieteth the way.
The lamb, the lamb, I would I were the lamb.—p. 22.

Balder listens, and is compelled to admit that his nature and experience have not contained hers. Gleams of some old tenderness flash out of him, and for a moment he glows with love. He speaks of her as—

‘Thou who through the stern ordeal of this life
Didst cling beside me while I showed my power,
And turned the dust and ashes where I stood
To gold and ruby, so that the great throng
Cried out for envy, and with murderous shout,
Demanded the pure jewel I had not,
And when I trembled, knowing that mine art
Was ended, and the clamorous people saw,
Unseen didst slide thy wealth into my hand,
And save me, so that I, serene, unclosed
My palm before the judge, and, lo! a pearl.’—p. 28.

But he soon draws his heart up at the leap, as he finds it running too fast and beating too warmly for his intellect, and bewails that 'the head should write, and, with a gush of living blood, the heart should blot it!' In scene four, Amy glorifies her lord and master, her king, her god, her husband. She is a tender, loving thing, maiden-meek and mother-mild, who believes him to be the greatest genius in all the world. She looks up to him with eyes of silent worship, or lips that utter melodious praise, and face alight with ineffable love. She offers up to his would-be god-ship her pure and priceless human affection in clouds of golden incense, which he sniffs like some god sitting aloft in the old mythology. She pours the wine of her life out at his feet, as at an altar, to be wasted in the dust, and with a regal wave of the hand he accepts the libation. He is a very Jove in his egotism, and Amy the beautiful Hebe that ministers to his vanity. And he, the genius, considers that all this sweet breath of praise, this fragrance of her young life, this daily break of her loving heart, are a meet and fitting sacrifice to be offered up at his shrine. Ah! Amy dear, you are all too meek and gentle for such a lord and master, too full of tenderness and tears. You only pamper that unbounded conceit of his, which will have to be whipped out of him, rather than to be kissed or strained out of him in the embrace of love. One feels that Balder ought to have had some such wife as Shakespeare's Beatrice; one who would have searched his heart for what should not have been there; dragged into the full light those thoughts that he could not have looked in the face, and cleansed his bosom of some of its 'perilous stuff;' and when he was about to ascend in the balloon of his inflating vanity she should have pricked it with sharp words of sarcasm, and brought him down in sudden collapse, with a ringing laugh of merriment at his would-be god-ship's discomfiture. It were better for her to have uttered bitter truths in her bright merry way at the beginning, than for poor Amy to have to wring them out in tears of blood and the gloom of madness at the end.

Silent and secret should be the worship of a woman when her husband is the hero. We were recently quite nonplussed by a coarse specimen of the husband-worshipper at a literary gathering. She, a perfect stranger, seized us by the arm, and informed us in the most emphatic manner that her husband was so-and-so; and 'SUCH a clever man, a great genius—so clever, she could not understand him a bit;' and she added, 'Look how cleverly he is talking now.' Of course Amy is as refined a specimen of the husband-worshipper as this was the contrary; but that only makes the seduction all the more exquisite. In the next few scenes we find Balder at work upon his Epic, of which he gives

us some grand specimens. There is nothing finer, to our thinking, in Milton's expression of his lofty imaginings through the medium of material symbols, than some of these tremendous conceptions—notably those of tyranny, war, justice, and the dream of death. Often there is such a vivid conciseness and Dantean distinctness about them, that they do not appear as merely reflected in the mirror of the reader's mind so much as cut into it stroke by stroke, as the diamond cuts into glass.

Soon the babe is stricken, and their little world of home darkens in the shadow of coming death. Amy's song deepens into heartsmiting wailings over the babe. Balder is as remorseless of means for attaining his object of seeing death as any frantic alchemist about to pour into his crucible the last drops of the life of his own sweet child. The babe dies, and the father exclaims—

‘Yes, I redeem the mother with the child!
Fate, take thy price! If this hand shake to pay it
’Tis with the trembling eagerness of him
Who buys an Indian kingdom with a bead.’—p. 69.

In scene eighteen there is a dreadful analysis of feeling. Balder, more cruel than the old Greek painter Parrhasius, who stabbed a man to paint his death agonies, sits down to paint his picture, bought with the death of his own child. Again the voice of Amy breaks in, and turns the tide of emotion back on his heart, and he bursts out into expressions of lip-quivering, heartbreaking tenderness over the little one gone hence, showing that there is another side to this strange, dark, lonely, self-involved character—a dual nature, as in all of us—and that the right and wrong sides lie very near together, and run in parallel proximity. This death of the little one has not brought the experience that Balder bargained for—strange if it had! And the letting of it down into the tomb by those tender chords of love, which we call heart-strings, has strained the mother's heart to breaking; and her few notes of wild lamentation are uttered and repeated like those of a bereaved bird, each iteration more piercing than the last, round about the grave of the little babe lying dark in the sunshine, cold to the warm embrace of a mother's love, and pleadingly desolate in the rainy midnight. Balder perceives that her mind wanders, wanders away to the little mound of earth where lies her heart, and her hold of life, and where she will sit for hours and hours singing, and saying, and looking the mournfullest things. And what think you is the nett result of this knowledge in his mind? *His book stands still.* Dr. Paul is called in; and while he is looking round the poet's study, we get some glorious glimpses of his poetry—poetry of the utmost

luxuriance, and instinct with the subtlest spirit of beauty. In scene twenty-four Amy is better, and has recovered her right mind. They spend together one day of life, of love, of happiness. None but one of the very deepest, tenderest, and greatest of poets, could have given this exquisite revelation of thought and emotion on poor Amy's 'resurrection' morning. They go forth into the hayfields, rejoicing in the joy of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers; and the beauty of nature makes them glad. They talk of the old time of love, and the eye of Memory lingers lovingly on each backward, sunshiny spot. But Balder will turn to his old plan of saving the world, when he had much better be saving his wife.

A friend of Balder's comes by, and we are thankful that he has looked in, if for this occasion only, as it enables Balder to give us his 'Song o' the Sun,' sung by three voices. What a storm and pomp of melody, what a wealth of splendid imagery there is in this chant! It might have been fitly sung by a fervid company of fire-worshippers when the god of the morning was stirring within them. Amy, in the fulness of her love, thinks her husband must be born to feel as no man ever felt before; an amiable mistake, if he is to be a poet. The greatest poet is he who feels most what others feel, who reads a deeper meaning in the common experience; and because he sees and feels more deeply is his expression intensified into melody.

There is a race of unfortunates in this world who can never be happy unless they are miserable, and Balder has some relationship to them. The cup of happiness for him and Amy is full, and running over, and yet he must relate a dream which he has had, and which is a foreboding of what is to come. Amy's madness comes back upon her. Balder defies fate, and curses the gods.

Suffering makes men savages as well as saints, and it makes him almost a savage. Henceforth the poem deepens and darkens down to some tragical crisis. Balder's torture is more than he can bear, the maddening wail of Amy is for ever in his ears, his book stands still, his work is unaccomplished, others win the battle and go forth conquerors, while he is left wounded and bleeding on the field of strife. At length he says frankly that it is Amy who stops the way he should have gone to glory. Amy prays for death, and he seizes the idea of murdering her. If she were dead, would not all be well? At the latter end of scene thirty-eight he has dreamt that he has done it, and the conflict of feeling is exquisitely portrayed. Then he resists the temptation, and will bear on a little further. Again he is resolved to kill her; but just as he is about to make a plunge into the river of death, Conscience calls him up suddenly like a voice

from behind. And now we come to the last scene, than which we know of nothing more dramatic, nothing more fearfully tragic, nothing more deeply true. Balder intends to kill her; stabs her, and believes he has killed her; and there the poem ends.

The conclusion of it has puzzled innumerable readers. We have seen it stated that it contains a supersensuous meaning, and is not intended for reality. To us it is real as life and death. But although we believe that Balder intended to kill his wife, we do not think he has done so. As in the drama, as in the novel, and as in life, we find many such intentions thwarted, so do we expect his intention to be thwarted; and for these reasons. This is the first part of a poem, and we think we can trace in it evident intentions on the part of its author to redeem Balder, to show him to us purified by suffering, washed white and clean with contrite tears, humbled and bowed into the dust, and broken before God in his fall; it is necessary that he should walk the fiery furnace, but we think there is metal in him that will come out like fine, pure gold. He is a grand sinner, and it is the grand sinner that so often makes the greatest saint. He sins in his own magnificent way; he does not stoop to pluck the meanest weeds of paltry praise, but thrusts up his ambitious brows for the immortal garland. There is an inner radiance of mind, which would shine out if these mists and shadows were rolled away.

We obtain glimpses of a richness in his nature, which must be capable of growing nobler fruits. Now and then, as in the last scene, a very heaven of worlds of love and tenderness opens through the darkness, throbbing and shining. He is manifestly worth redeeming. Now, if he has actually killed his wife, the redemption, which we foresee, would be impossible; he must end miserably, most probably in suicide. It must be, as Hamlet is, a tragedy. These, we consider ample reasons for supposing that Amy does not die. Indeed, there is nothing more probable in such a case of mental disease, than that such a crisis should produce a change for the better. And we trust that both Amy and Balder may have regained their perfect health in the next part of the poem. So wishing the author God speed on his way, we must pass on ours.

In this poem we read a magnificent protest against the tendency of our age to materialism and positive philosophy, and the apotheosis of mechanism and intellect. Balder is but the individualized idealization of a general spirit which pervades the whole mass of society—Genius without faith and reverence! An age of sham, of egotism, inordinate ambition, selfishness, and doubt! An age which everywhere manifests a blind, atheistical deification of force and power! The age to which, of all others, that old trumpet-tongued text, ‘What shall it profit a man if he

gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' needs to be preached and sung. An age in which the human mind seems to have lost its old creative energy—in all save mechanics—becoming miserably critical. We have lost the earnestness that moved mountains, and the faith that worked miracles; we have lost that truthful spirit of simplicity, which wrought on, nothing doubting, careless of praise or blame. We have little of that reverence in which they worked,—the wisest and meekest of men who unconsciously won immortal names. We are perfectly aware that we are great men, and geniuses, and Christians. We work with the eyes of men upon us, and not in the sight of God. Our science does not lead us to a religious enthusiasm for the eternal harmony of God's laws; we merely seek to take the universe in pieces to see whence the music comes, and determine whether its creator be a solid or a fluid. In literature, we have arrived at a poetry of doubt, as though the very essence of poetry could be other than the most ethereal spirit of faith.

We shall not have space to do any sort of justice to this poem by way of quotation, so wonderful are its riches, so affluent is it in the finest poetry. There are two hundred and eighty-three pages in the book, and not one but what contains fine thoughts, magnificent imagery, striking similes, or searching reflections. In such a wilderness of wealth, we should scarcely know where to choose. We should like to select a very gallery of pictures, for it is as rich in them as is the poetry of Spenser. Of the wealth of thought revealed, we can scarcely trust ourselves to speak, it is so great. Genuine *thought* be it remembered, the product of a compact imagination, and as subtle as profound, as wide-ranging as lofty. The poem is as thick with thought as a winter midnight with stars. Shelley is always rich in thought, but even he is poor in comparison. The faculty of ideality is as different as it is superior to mere wonder, which some modern poets possess so largely. Wonder is much more common than ideality, and therefore will be sure to meet with a more general recognition. The power to startle and surprise is immediately and loudly welcomed, as there are always so many who are waiting to be startled and surprised. Lofty ideality is much rarer, and therefore its manifestation will have fewer appreciators. But wonder is short-lived, the proverbial period of its existence being nine days. Ideality, on the contrary, wears the 'aspect of eternity.' This faculty that creates, is everywhere apparent in Balder; you always find the presence of thought. Nowhere do we find the trickery of heaping imagery together. We find no fanciful exaggeration, no conceited tomtittery, no florid feebleness, no attempts to pass off convulsions for strength. The poet never carries on an African traffic in glass-beads and mosaic, nor palms

Parisian paste upon you for the genuine diamond. All is sound, and nothing tawdry. All is essential, and nothing accidental in the workmanship. 'Balder' contains rare draughts of the wine of beauty for the thirsting spirit, and opens up glorious vistas of loveliness to the longing eyes, fresh as the dew, and fair as the face of nature. Some of these revelations give you a soul-ache of deliciousness, and its sweet and delicate human tenderness penetrates to the depth of the deepest tears. The author is exquisitely learned in the lore of love, and can cunningly produce those touches and tones of pathos that feel and feel about the heart, until they thrill the subtlest string. He has evidently walked and talked with nature in some of her sublimest moods, and held mysterious converse with her in many mystic ways where few are permitted to enter. He has obtained glimpses of strange psychical experience, and delineated facts which may not be recognised by many readers, but which are nevertheless eternally true. He gives us revelations from a region of the human mind which few have visited, and from which those few have returned pale, and with nothing but silence to express their awe. He is only second to Shakespeare in dealing with the subtleties of mental aberration. This poem displays an amount of knowledge on many subjects, such as physiology, natural history, and psychology, which is growing rare among poets in these days.

He is a master of terror as well as of tears. There is a colossal calmness about him in walking the waves of stormy emotion. And he has such a subdued sense of power, such a severe grandeur of repose, that we are involuntarily reminded of that Greek orator who produced his effects on the auditors without action, so eloquent was his quiet majesty. We cannot conclude without a few extracts. We think the following beautifully characteristic of the pastoral quiet of the country:—

‘The passive gait
Of ease, that is the step of all their world,
Their world at pace with solemn things above.’—p. 14.

Coleridge might have gloried in this sublime excuse for a lazy mood—

‘Eternity within doth set at nought
The wont of time.’—p. 28.

Genius, he calls—

‘Some maimed celestial, feeling back her way
To the lost heavens.’—p. 29.

And he speaks of

‘The unblushed repose
Of Beauty, where she lieth bright and still
As some spent angel, dead asleep in light,
On the most heavenward top of all this world,
Wing-weary.’—p. 60.

Here is a calm depth of wisdom :—

‘ Learn this, my friend,
The secret that doth make a flower a flower,
So frames it that to bloom is to be sweet,
And to receive to give. The flower can die,
But cannot change its nature ; though the earth
Starve it, and the reluctant air defraud ;
No soil so sterile, and no living lot
So poor, but it hath somewhat still to spare
In bounteous odours. Charitable they
Who, be their having more or less, so have
That less is more than need, and more is less
Than the great heart’s goodwill.’—p. 93.

What a wild, new image of the autumn wind is this, and yet how true :—

‘ The sudden gust, that like a headsman wild,
Uplifteth Beauty by her golden hair,
To show the world that she is dead indeed.’—p. 127.

Balder says of Amy, on the morning which she characterizes as her ‘ resurrection day,’—

‘ Thou
Art such a thing as one might think to see
Upon a footstone, sitting in the sun,
Beside a broken grave.’—p. 136.

And how grandly this is said of the poet—

‘ As a rich bride in smiles
And blushes, for her much bliss eateth not,
And seeth that they serve a sacrament,
And something more than wine, the poet sits.
While Who stood glorious at the shining head
Of jubilee, where men a light beheld,
And he a presence, clad in sounding joy,
Moves down the festal aisles. As a true queen,
In whose ennobling eyes her lowliest guests
Are princes, so she slow descends to far
Forgotten places, and with her mere smile
Rights the unequal board.’—p. 106.

We must extract this exquisite burst of pathetic poetry, wrung from the heart of Balder on the death of his infant :—

‘ Little babe,
Who wentest out from us two days ago,
Not to return, what has become of thee
In this great universe ? That thou art changed
I know ; for, whereas thou hadst lain since birth
On the warm breast that fed thee, in a dream

Of peace, and, like a flower, wert given and ta'en,
 Unconscious, on a morn thou didst awake,
 And while we, weeping, strove to keep thee, thou,
 As at some awful voice that called thee hence,
 Or high behest, becamest a man in will,
 And ceasing thy babe's cry, didst go in haste!
 We also went a little way with thee,
 As they whose best-beloved doth cross the seas
 Attend him to the shore—even to the brink
 Of the great deep, and stretch along the sands,
 Wringing vain hands of sorrow; yet none saith,
 "Why goest thou?" Nor with the naked sword of love,
 Denies; and none doth leap into his fate,
 Crying, "I also," and with desperate clasp,
 Hang on his neck, till breakers far behind
 Forbid return. Spell-bound they stand, and dry
 On the sea-line, and not a quivering lip
 Murmureth, "To-morrow;" but his sire doth seize
 The prow that would recede, and with stern will
 Holds it, rebellious, to the task, and she
 Who bore him, with her trembling hands
 Constrains and hastes him, lest he lose the tide.'—p. 73.

We might go on and on extracting, but to what end?

In conclusion, we have to say that we consider Balder to be the first and worthy part of a great poem—one of such a degree of greatness, that it has scarce an equal in our century, and one that will take the public opinion some years to arrive at that greatness. But the author can bide his time; he is not an 'eminent writer of the day,' but a singer for the ages. Few persons may have possessed the peculiar experience necessary to enable them to appreciate to the full the depth of insight, the mysterious questionings, the oracular responses, the luminous glances and subtle soundings down the winding wildernesses and dark ways of life, but thousands and hundreds of thousands can feast on the glorious poetry this book contains. To those who cannot see its purpose, we may say as the old chroniclers wrote of Shakespeare, Read it again and again; and if so be that you do not understand it, then there is manifest danger that you are not quick of comprehension.

In this part of his work the poet has had an ungracious task, and one that was sure to be misrepresented. He accepted it like some great actor who plays a part that we dislike, knowing that the more perfectly he performs the greater will be our repugnance; or as Mr. Hunt painted that wonderful but painful picture, the 'Awakened Conscience.' In the next he will doubtless find a more congenial labour in appealing to higher, nobler sympathies,

and go on his way rejoicing. That he may do so with increased strength, and with perfect success, is our parting prayer; for we have a loving reverence for his genius, and a trustful faith that he will use nobly the rare gifts that God, in his infinite goodness, has lavished upon him.

ART. V.—*Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England.*

By William Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge.
London: John W. Parker & Son. 1852.

THIS volume of Lectures is suitably prefaced by a condensed account of the results to which the author has been led in the course of his independent inquiries into the nature of virtue and the laws of human conduct. The summary is quite sufficient for the purpose of recalling the main features of Dr. Whewell's system, and of enabling the initiated to follow with facility and precision the track of the critic through his several lectures.

We venture to express a doubt, however, whether the general reader could be described as fairly master of Dr. Whewell's moral system, after even the most pains-taking perusal of this introduction; accordingly, we deem it advisable rather to amplify than to reduce the somewhat bare and rigid skeleton here presented, in order that his position as a moralist may be clearly indicated, and his qualifications for the serious business of criticism fairly estimated. With this view, we propose to make some remarks on his point of departure from the systems generally received, before attempting a description of that interesting process through which his reasonings carry him, from the acknowledged facts of human society to the ultimate truths of the science of duty. His point of departure, together with his justification of his new attempt to construct a system of morality, may be very briefly displayed. 'No scheme of morality can be true except a scheme which agrees with the *common sense* of mankind, so far as that common sense is consistent with itself; including in the term common sense both men's convictions as to what is right, and their *sentiments* as to what is morally good.'

But in the leading systems to which men have hitherto attached themselves (which may accurately enough be described as the Stoical and Epicurean), Common Sense has not been consistent with itself, inasmuch as the common sense of each system has succeeded in framing an objection which is fatal to the preten-

sions of its opponent. Against those who maintain that pleasure is the proper guide of human action, it is urged that such a theory affords a very inadequate account of the character of actions, and of the feelings of men in reference to actions ; so that, of whatever value the utility theory may be, it cannot for a moment sustain the weighty edifice of systematic morality. On the other hand, the baffled advocates of the pleasure theory assault the upholders of an independent morality in their stronghold, urging that virtue is no foundation for a system, because it is a matter of ever shifting opinion ; 'that conscience cannot be a real means of determining what is right, because conscience determines different (conflicting ?) things to be right in different countries, ages, and persons.' 'These arguments,' says our author, 'are so convincing in their effects upon men's minds, that I do not conceive that any system can stand, against which either of them may be justly urged.' We pause here for a moment, to protest against this hasty admission of the argument against the trustworthiness of conscience, and its consequent suitability as a basis point in a moral system. We might hazard an opinion that it is indeed a hopeless task to construct a code, scheme, or system of ethics with conscience for a starting point, but by no means on the ground here set forth ; and further, that precisely the same arguments which fairly expose the inadequacy of conscience to this end, will lie with equal validity against the claims of 'reason,' whether 'practical' or 'theoretical.' Wherever the deficiency lies, it is not proved to lie at the door of conscience ; and it is of the highest importance, not only to practical morality, but to some of the details of the author's own system, that this stigma of uncertainty, obscurity, and even self-contradiction, should be removed from conscience, until it is fairly established against it. A few remarks upon two cases, selected from the author's larger work, will show that we are not obliged to succumb to the vaunted argument against the fidelity of conscience. A nation is confronted by foes : the question is asked—Shall we resort to fraud and violence ? or, resolving the compound question, shall we lie, and carry our warfare beyond the limits of defence into the region of reprisal and revenge ? The answer to these questions has been, we may say, universally in the affirmative ; but is it clear that each concurring voice has given utterance to the response of a *consulted* conscience ? Do we ignore the impetuosity of passion ? Does it not seem at least probable, that in circumstances so calculated to excite resentment, the appeal has been hurried past the court of conscience without a hearing ? Or, take another instance, less complicated, but even more difficult for our purpose. A man, whose conscience has always disapproved a lie in himself and in others, is tempted in the imminence of death to utter one. The first

occupation of his lie-purchased life is to vindicate his conduct; but what does his vindication amount to? Is it anything more than *excuse*—an *ad hominem* appeal to beings who would most likely have done the same thing in the same peril? If the vindication be extended, so as to tamper with the essential character of the lie itself; if, in short, the culprit declares that his conscience approved *that* lie, as the act of a free moral being, we should consider that we had a very early proof, indeed, of that injury to the moral nature, which Dr. Whewell indicates as the most important consequence of even, what are called, allowable lies.

We know very well how prudent is that charity which deals tenderly with a fault committed, having death as its alternative; but charity *itself* dictates no forbearance towards a man, who, in mid-day safety, dares to quote the approbation of conscience for his lie.

But to proceed. The author proposes to construct a scheme which shall be equally safe from both these objections, and in pursuance of his aim, he throws himself on common sense, taking care to follow it only so far as it is consistent. Are there any actions, then, the quality of which is constantly approved by common sense; and any corresponding principles or rules which the same common sense constantly accepts as true? It is alleged in answer, that there is such an agreement (*viz.*, universal) among men in reference to certain actions and qualities of action, 'veracity, justice, humanity,' &c. 'Be true. Be just. Be kind,' &c. 'Here, then, are moral principles upon which the agreement among men is universal, and from which we can reason to other moral truths.' To this position two objections arise; first, there is no such agreement (*viz.*, universal and constant); secondly, such principles are too vague to serve as a starting point in the construction of a moral system. The answer to the latter objection is given *in extenso* in the subsequent 'Treatise on Practical Morals;' and consequently, the rejoinder assumes *this* form:—'I have accepted these principles as a foundation, and have elaborated from them a system in which there are as few faults as in any other, and in which there are many advantages not possessed by previous systems.' So far, *good*; but the answer to the first objection is by no means so satisfactory. Indeed we are quite at a loss to understand why the learned writer should have been at the pains to state the objection in terms of a simple denial, and then proceed to concoct answers to every conceivable objection, *except* the one he had proposed to himself. What is impugned by the objector is the statement of the author, *that there is an universal agreement among men in their convictions and sentiments, in reference to certain qualities of action*. Now, if the objection is to stand for anything more than a quibble (for as a quibble the author chooses

to treat it), it must mean either, some men will believe and feel that it is *wrong* to be kind; or, admitting and using the predication, 'it is right,' they will alter the meaning of the subject noun, 'to be kind,' &c.; so that, in either case, there will be disagreement between some men and others in their convictions and sentiments on these matters. The real objection is not noticed; perhaps because from the very nature of the case, nothing but counter-assertion could be produced; but instead of repeating the original statement *simpliciter*, it is encumbered with still more objectionable matter in the form—'Men agree that they must be truthful, humane, &c., even when they differ as to what they *ought* to do.' To the limits of this enlarged proposition the objection must be expanded. Let it be admitted that men agree that they ought to be humane, &c.; and also, that one man thinks he *ought* to commit fraud or violence; if he still says I *ought* to be humane, either the two OUGHTS are mutually contradictory, or the term 'humane' has a moveable signification; and, in either case, the assumed universality of the agreement is in a more hopeless predicament than before.

Thus the objector holds his ground; but not only so, he actually succeeds in displacing the theorist from his chosen vantage ground of universality. 'The authority of these virtues is assented to by all men when they are *in a condition to judge on such matters*.' Here we have a very limited (and mysteriously *limited*) generality, instead of an absolute uniformity. What says the objector to this new phase of the statement? Simply, that men do not agree, *as was asserted*. Your modification of the original proposition is strong (*primâ facie*) evidence that I am right. I will leave you to determine *when* men are qualified to judge of these matters. If you say they are then (and then only) qualified to judge, when they assent, I withdraw from the contest, leaving you the option of two practical remarks. First, there is an air of sapience about this mode of reasoning, it is true; but it is the sapience of the snake with its tail in its mouth; or if you propose some other standard of fitness for judging on these matters, you only remove the difficulty one step backward, and incur the old fate, and re-enact the history of everything akin to metaphysics.* Assuming, however, in spite of

* We will cite from the conclusion of one of our author's own lectures, a sort of vindication for this opinion. 'We know, in short, that we must look for no science of morals, as we find no science of any other kind, except we can discern the region where the truths taught by Cudworth and by Locke are united; where the eternal and immutable beams through the outward veil of the actual and visible; where experience gives reality to ideas, and ideas give universality to the truths which we gather from experience.' We simply take leave to doubt whether this desirable point of union between experience and ideas has yet been attained in the matter of ethics.

this anticipated objection, that there is a sufficiently general agreement amongst men on the excellence of certain actions and the authority of certain rules, this agreement is traced, not to any special moral faculty, but to some exercise of the reason which is common to all men, and by which it is at least possible that men should be brought to the same mind on the general principles of conduct. To this active and supreme faculty, therefore, there is assigned not merely the functions of an ultimate judgment in disputed cases, but in addition, the honour of elaborating perfectly, and of promulging with unquestionable authority, a supreme law of human conduct, couched in general terms, and accepted as the major premiss from which all special rules of action must be deduced. The resulting synthesis is as compact as any that has appeared; and when, in due course, the application of its great principles is made to cases of conscience which have always puzzled mankind, the solution presented is much more satisfactory than the feats which have too generally issued from similar attempts to grapple with the difficulty.

Reasonably enough disgusted by the Paleyism which so long retained its influence in Cambridge, and ill content, as a philosopher, to accept in its stead the oracular and dubious intimations of a moral sense, the Scaliger of Cambridge determined to work, or rather to fight out a theory of morals for himself. He went into the open air—the actual living world—and meeting there with phenomena which did not appear to depend upon the mere artificial combinations of civilization, he accepted them as guides in the first stage of his ‘Journey in Search of a Theory.’ The facts noticed were these:—Men live in society, and have desires and affections which contribute much to the determination of outward action. These two facts, taken in connexion with the impracticability of the chief desires without society, result in the ideas of obligation and law—in other words, their admission to society is the condition of their successful prosecution of most of their desires, and their conformity with a law which recognises the existence and rights of others is the condition of their admission to or continuance in society. At this point, then, we encounter Rights.—Men have rights, or else law is unmeaning, and society impossible. The particular method of law in the determination of rights is limitation and condition—being, in effect, the declaration, ‘Every man’s desires and affections form the rule of his actions, subject to this condition, that he shall not prosecute the apparent rule of his being to the detriment of another; and laws are more or less perfect in proportion as they approach the definitive line between the desires of one man and the desires of another. We need not stay to point out how truly this account represents the actual state of human

society. Having such an idea, man follows his desires to the last boundary, and then tries the question of law; if he loses, he concludes either that he has gone too far, or that the law is too limited; if he gains, he feels disposed to proceed and try a wider circumference. Rights have reference to things, and so also have desires. Things may be anything, from opinions down to nuggets; so that if rights and desires were to be classified according to their objects, we should have a somewhat unmanageable category. In selecting a principle of classification, there is ample opportunity for the display of genius; but there are certain conditions which must evidently be complied with in such subjects as the present. There must, for instance, be such an arrangement as will facilitate immediate reference from things without to man himself. The plan adopted by our author is to arrange the desires of men into four primary and comprehensive divisions. The desire of Personal Safety; of Having; of Family Society (which includes Family Affections); and of Civil Society (which includes the more general Social Affections). Accordingly rights (being the boundaries between one man's desires and those of others) may fall into a like fourfold division—Rights of the Person; of Property; of the Family, and Political Rights. 'This symmetrical division of the springs of human action and of rights existing in human society is the starting point of our system of morality; being, as we have said, the point where the springs of human action come in contact with the supreme rule of rightness on which morality depends.'

The limitations which determine rights are prescribed by an external power—a contrivance more or less skilful, but for the most part highly useful in any form; and if we pause here, we must be content to abandon the term *moral* as an epithet of man, and describe him as the subject of law; or, in other words, as a composition of certain desires which cannot be generally, if at all gratified without the restraints of an authority conceded, indeed, in the first instance, but evermore external to himself.

But is this a complete account of man? Is there no dominion, no rebellion, and no struggle *within*, analogous to the conflict perpetually raging *without*? And whenever he attempts to explain his superiority to the creature of instinct, he is compelled to admit, among other 'differentiæ,' that he does *not* always submit to external force, and that he does not always, if ever, resign himself blindly to the authority of law. He recalls the evident fact that law must have acquired its external force in the hands of men who, in the main, were but repetitions of himself; and considering that they must have known, judged, and felt something *inwardly* before they produced the embodiment called law; he proceeds to ask—Is there within *me*, in common

with other men, a law which has furnished the type of the external law? If there be such a law—*within*—are not my thoughts, desires, opinions, and dispositions amenable to it as truly as my overt acts are to an external rule, which, in general, my reason approves? If there be no law unto myself *within*—then, either I am not answerable to the outward law, or there is no connexion between my thought and my deed—my will and my action. But I am compelled by the constitution of my nature to deny both terms of this disjunctive hypothesis. There are views of truth and statements of truth which, whether absolutely final or not, are ultimate to *me*, and of such a character are these. I am under a law which my reason explains, vindicates, and thus far enforces on my outward acts. And, further, I am conscious that there is an intimate and, indeed, essential connexion between my inward habit and my outward act—the one determining the other. I am, then, the subject of a law—in my wishes and disposition as truly as in my muscular exercises. I am a *moral being* as well as the *subject of a state*. I have *duties* as well as *obligations*. There are checks upon my unwhispered covetousness as peremptory and as authoritative as the police and dungeon of the state. The government law is but the shadow of a law that is written on the heart: its poetical omnipresence is but the outward sign of its virtual supremacy within; and the conclusion of the whole matter is—there is a paramount rule of humanity; unfold it as philosophers may, apply it as fallen men will, there is attainable and practicable, by some means or other, a law with man *as man* which furnishes as its counterpart the law of man in his imperfect but necessarily social state. Before stating this law in the terms which Dr. Whewell has selected, after a very copious colligation (if not a very rigid induction), we must revert once more to the barrier in the course of human knowledge, at which it is at present in vain to knock. The last stage of inquiry into the origin of morals may be thus set forth:—Reason and passion may be concerned about the same thing, but passion tends blindly to its object. Reason, on the contrary, not only notes, but takes the steps. Unless, then, we could presume on the safety of a *human* instinct, we must assign a superiority to the process of reason, even when it arrives at the self-same terminus with desire. If this be true, then, assuredly, in a case where the results of the operations of reason are discordant with the ends seized on by desire, the latter must give way in point of *authority*—so far as we can conceive of authority; and any system of instruction in right demeanour must be based upon this truth, *the passions must be subordinate to the reason*, and so, of course, are to be checked or condemned by conscience, which is little else than

reason applying the supreme law to particular cases, or announcing the demerits of particular actions. The supreme law, in its matured but still general form, is thus given by Dr. Whewell :—

‘ *Man is to be loved as man* (benevolence in its full extent). Each man is to have his own (fairness or justice). *We must speak the truth*, which may be further unfolded by reference to the origin of the principle, in this manner, *we must conform our language to the universal understanding among men which the use of language implies*. (This part of the supreme law has an especial reference to a *need* rather than to a *desire* of human nature, and to a corresponding right of contract including the subject of promises generally). *The lower parts of our nature are to be governed by the higher*. (This corresponds to the virtue of purity rather than to order). *We must accept positive laws as the necessary conditions of morality*. (Order.) These five virtues—benevolence, justice, truth, purity, and order, may be considered as the elements or aspects of virtue or goodness, or as the cardinal points of the supreme rule of human action. If we look for the origin of this five-fold division of virtue, we shall find that we may say, in a general manner, without pretending to any great precision, that it depends on five elements of our nature—love, mental desires, speech, bodily appetite, and reason. Benevolence gives the utmost expansion to our love; justice prescribes the measure of our mental desires; truth gives the law to speech, in its connexion with purpose; purity controls the part of our nature connected with the bodily appetite; and order engages the reason in the consideration of rules and laws by which virtue and its opposite are defined.’

Thus the venerable quaternion of temperance, fortitude, justice, and wisdom, is superseded by a new arrangement which presents greater facilities for combination and application. And here we must conclude our account of Dr. Whewell's *point of view*. The remarks we have made on the subject of the uniformity of conscience must not be supposed to imply that our author ignores conscience as an aid and minister in practical morality. On the contrary, there is assigned to it a class of functions of the highest order. ‘He who acts against his conscience,’ says Dr. Whewell, ‘is always wrong,’ while he denies that he who acts according to his conscience is always right. On this denial we have indeed attempted to fasten a verdict of *not proven*, or, as an alternative, to doubt the present availableness of any test of absolute right. An independent moralist, the author assuredly is in more senses than one; but withal, he is highly eclectic in his spirit, even stretching a point at times, in order to claim sanction and friendship from some whose systems he has previously assailed with merciless logic.

The ‘*Elements of Morality*,’ already introduced as a reading book in some of the colleges of Cambridge, is much more suitable as a class-book in an academic course than any which has ever

attracted our notice. We must at length draw off our thoughts from 'the point of view' to the view *itself*. A goodly and varied landscape, well portrayed! The sketches commence with a transition era, and when the new theology of the reformed church was quietly working itself free from the trammels of popery. Still clinging to the forms, they changed the method and spirit of *casuistry* (or the science which dealt in cases of conscience); and so early as Perkins (close of sixteenth century), we read in the title of his work, 'Cases of conscience.' 'The attention had hitherto been bestowed mainly on the former word; it was now transferred to the latter. The determination of cases was replaced by the discipline of the conscience. He solved questions which cannot be called questions of conscience, and produced well nigh a Christian Ethick.' Thus wrote a foreigner, Staüdlin, concerning our truly English 'Master Perkins.'

The church of the priesthood directed the attention of the inquirer to the *results*; but the church of reform, with its pretensions to freedom, could do no less than point to the *foundations* on which the reasons rested, which led to that result. Accordingly, there sprang up in England a noble literature in connexion with the highest speculative morals. It was, and is still, designated as moral theology—moral, inasmuch as the 'decision of cases by authority had been replaced by the exposition of reasons;' and theology, because these reasons were sought in the Word of God, as well as in the conscience of man; 'the structure of man's duties being rested upon conscience and upon the divine precepts conjointly.' This morality of conscience and divinity was never thoroughly elaborated, never systematized, and consequently it presented strong temptations to the spirit of innovation which was abroad in the storms of the English revolution, almost inviting by its imperfections 'some audacious Remus' to leap over 'the ramparts of the future mistress of the world.' Such an intruder was he of Malmesbury—

'A man, bold, acute, penetrating, unshrinking in speculation, confident in his own powers, contemptuous of the opinions of others, treating with little tenderness, hardly with affected decency, the common prejudices and feelings of mankind, but able to impress his thoughts upon men with singular vividness and energy. . . . He dared to proclaim, to the alarmed ear of his contemporaries, that right and wrong had no independent existence; that moral good and evil were sought and must be sought, not for their own sakes, but on account of extraneous advantages; that the natural condition of man is a state of war; that might is right, and conscience only fear.'—p. 16.

Our readers, generally, are doubtless already familiar with the outline of the system of Hobbes, and may probably have passed their final judgment on his merits as a philosopher

and on the frightful tendencies of his theory. But we must still insist that a large space be allowed him among the sons of England who have contributed celebrity to her language, and real wealth to her literature. In the words of one who has done more than any living man to popularize the history of philosophy (G. H. Lewis), 'we will say that he was guilty of dangerous errors. But what then? Let the faults be noted but not overstrained; the short-comings and incomplete views enlarged and corrected; the errors calmly examined and confuted. We shall all be gainers by it; but by inconsiderate contempt, by screaming and vilifying, no result can be obtained. Impartial minds will always rank Hobbes among the greatest writers England has produced; and by writers we do not simply mean masters of language, but also masters of thought. He is profound and he is clear, weighty, and sparkling. His style, as mere style, is in its way as fine as anything in English; it has the clearness of crystal, and it has also the solidity and brilliancy.'

The almost unanimous condemnation with which the principles of Hobbes were received is in itself a strong testimony to his power as a thinker and writer; for he had done little else than pass through the alembic of his own brain the old discussions 'between those who assert that moral right and wrong are peculiar and independent qualities of actions, and those who say that these terms mean only that the actions lead to other extraneous advantages and disadvantages.' This wit and facility of setting forth alike obsolete and obscure truths secured a sort of currency for his politico-moral opinions even among his contemporaries, and the leaven of his philosophy is far from being extirpated, even at the present day. The appearance of this champion of error was the signal for a general but rather feeble controversy. The spirit and characteristics of the age were in favour of enterprising novelty, while the indolent reiteration of truths but partially discovered, and utterly undefended, ushered in by degrees the era of moral devastation. 'The defence of a genuine and independent morality was conducted in a manner disunited, vacillating, sometimes illogical, sometimes doggedly opposed to the most boasted discoveries of modern times.' In two different ways was an attempt made to arrest the progress of Hobbes's sensuous system, both earnest and scholarly, but not equally so. In the one school we meet a massive erudition erected against the sceptical schemer, which reminds us of the pyramids of the Nile, built, as has been suggested, to arrest the progress of the sandy wastes.

The two parties opposed to Hobbes may be described as those who held that goodness was an absolute and inherent quality of actions, and those who did not venture to say so much—but allowing

that the proper end of man's actions was the pursuit of happiness or well-being—asserted that virtue was in a peculiar and eminent manner the condition of this well-being. By this latter proviso 'the moralist of consequences was enabled to keep the mere sensualist at bay.' Cudworth and Cumberland respectively represent these two forms of opposition to the selfish principles of Hobbes; and the lecture headed by these two names is one of the most interesting and striking in the volume; but we are equally at a loss how to condense and from which part to cite.

It was contrary to the very nature of Dr. Whewell to introduce the celebrated name of Locke without meddling in the controversy so frequently revived, and of late with unprecedented keenness, on the exact position and merits of the great '*decus Angliæ certe*.' We have no space nor wish to take part in the dispute, except to notice a somewhat dictatorial expression of Dr. Whewell's opinions. He says,—'Locke is commonly looked upon as the founder and master of the New Philosophy, which then succeeded the Old; but I think it will be acknowledged by any one who carefully looks into the literary history of the subjects on which he wrote that he originated little or nothing. . . . His opinions form the main substance of the system of Hobbes,' and so forth. We submit that the acceptance of this opinion concerning Locke ought not to be made, as it is here, the standard by which a man's acquaintance with the subject is to be judged; for, without mentioning many high names of the present day, we can refer to one of the honourable among philosophers, and who is generally credited with a vast amount of reading most carefully digested in this particular branch of history. Sir James Mackintosh says, 'Locke and Hobbes differ on the most momentous questions—the sources of knowledge, the power of abstraction, the nature of the will; they differ not only in their premises and many of their conclusions, but in their manner of philosophizing.' In connexion with the questions of morality, we admit, with our author, that the tendencies of the Lockean philosophy, and in many cases its actual effects, are frightful; but we are glad to find Dr. Whewell directing attention to the extraordinary pains, both of Locke and of his English followers, to guard against the evil effects of his psychological system, when pushed to its utmost application.

It is certainly unquestionable that the brilliant progress of human knowledge in which Descartes, Locke, Newton, and, above all, Lord Bacon assisted, greatly contributed to the embarrassment of the advocates both of the independent and of the qualified system of ethics; and equally undoubted is it that in the general mind of England the philosophy of 'The Essay on

the Understanding' was regarded as supplying to the lower notions of morality the august sanction of the general advance in the power and condition of humanity.

Continuing our rapid glance along the line of the main controversy, we soon perceive a fresh diversion on the part of the independent moralists. Under Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, the idea of a *moral sense* was evolved, and by the latter more definitely exhibited in a technical form. By the adoption, however, of technical precision, the new sense or faculty of perception laid itself open to a double attack. The old assertors of the right reason, or eternal fitness, repudiated the assistance of a system based upon so unworthy a foundation. On the other hand, the sensualists rejected the usurpation over their theories, which derived all its force from those very theories; while, as if to complete the attack upon this new phase of the Boniform faculty, the Lockean metaphysics had drawn an apparently immoveable and indestructible boundary-line between the operations belonging to reason and such as belonged to the sense. Nothing, then, seemed left for the advocates of absolute virtue but to disencumber themselves as quickly as possible of that technical precision which had proved their greatest bane. The consequent vagueness of Butler, who became the leader of the untechnical school, while it parried the assaults just referred to, was, in its turn, exposed to equal inconvenience on the very score of indefiniteness. But before noticing the position of Butler—the prince of ethical speculators in modern times—we must advert to the remarkably ingenious and bold syncretism which was thrown up by Warburton to repel the assaults of Mandeville and others. He demands our attention not merely on the grounds of his skill, or of his learned research, or of his self-confident tone, but chiefly from the fact that he supplied the *form* of morals which has been generally accepted by the better portion of Englishmen, as the only escape readily attainable from the consequences of a theory not yet stripped of its sophistry, and therefore not yet destroyed.

His aim was to unite, as in a threefold cord, the cardinal doctrines of each sect in the school of independent morality, and thus to constitute an ethical system whose foundations were right reason, eternal fitness, and divine command. The best illustration, and indeed the most imposing sanction for his views, is furnished by a reference to St. Paul's division of excellencies or virtues (Philip. iv. 8), ὅσα ἐστὶν ἀληθῆ, ὅσα σεμνὰ, ὅσα δίκαια; *true*, with reference to an eternal and absolute difference in things; *venerable*, implying the exercise of a faculty which perceives the worth of an action; and *just*, in relation to a law. It is instructive to note how completely the idea of moral obligation

was resolved into the command of a superior in the system of Warburton ; it seemed to him necessary thus to analyze obligation, in order to make room for the principle of a Divine authority, and to secure for morality the sanction of the Supreme. This command, however, is nothing less than a *revealed morality*; and the questions lying between natural and revealed morality are these :—Can the natural reason perceive truths when presented, and the necessity of the deductions made? and can the natural reason discover those truths and make the deductions? The former question he answers in the affirmative; the latter, in a partial negative.

He thus leaves room for the most important benefits to be conferred on man by the Christian revelation ; and in attempting to measure the great value of those benefits, he has recourse to an illustration derived from the ‘History of Physical Science,’ analogous to the ignorance of man in the first instance, and to his evident power of accepting the truth so soon as it is clearly enounced. But Dr. Whewell is chilled by the coolness of the illustration, and is only warmed by a kind of sacred indignation. ‘The burning up of the torch of science from time to time is a most imperfect image of the sunrise of the gospel. The revolution of thought produced by the greatest discoveries is a very inadequate representation, even so far as the rules and grounds of morals only are considered, of the immeasurable improvement in man’s views of truth which the Christian revelation produced. Religion says, with regard to moral philosophy, “*that which ye ignorantly believe or blindly seek, that declare I unto you.*”’ We cannot hesitate to admit that the system of Warburton was more plausible than tenable ; far more adapted to win popular confidence than to satisfy the cravings of philosophy. Many of the objections urged against the constituent parts of his system, when they appeared as characteristics of several systems, were maintainable with unabated force against his triple alliance.

We have already placed Butler at the head of the unsystematic moralists ; and we have the greater confidence in this arrangement from considering that in no other writings of equal pretensions can there be found so many painful proofs of the inconvenience arising from the renunciation of technical phraseology. The immense wealth of Butler’s mind lies scattered and hidden under diffuse and cumbersome forms of expression ; but great is the recompense of the patient seeker when his own ingenuity has at length supplied him with the key to the almost enigmatic compositions of the metaphysical bishop.

A free course for Paley was gradually, but not very slowly laid down in the general tenour of Cambridge speculation.

Weary of continual change, sickened with the poor results of the most cautious analysis, the English moralists yearned for a system to which they could yield a general and final assent. The prevailing character of this system, which was to be satisfactory to men increasingly devoted to the new philosophy, might readily have been guessed: it must be derived from without by observation and experience; it must be a morality based upon a calculation of consequences; and so commend itself to the esteem of scientific discoverers as something practical and tangible. Paley became the exponent of a wide-spread preference for the *morality of consequences*—the systematizer of all views of duty which could be deduced from the principle of general utility. By no means an originator, and greatly indebted to Gay and Tucker even in the details of his chief work, his great praise rests on the facility of his style—a facility for the immediate application of admitted principles—and a facility for gathering and inweaving in the most natural manner suitable illustrations of his several points. We can hardly conceive that the day is at hand when Paley's 'Moral Philosophy' will be shelved as entirely obsolete; for it must retain its honours as a *classic*, even after its fundamental principles have been discarded by *science*. The great misfortune befel Paley from which so few men even of the most practical escape, he was tempted to offer *proofs* of his principles, when his principles were no more than *assumptions*. Speaking of assumptions, we are reminded of Dr. Whewell's keen and clear criticism on one important part of Paley's utility theory. To the inquiry—How, in spite of its original viciousness, the theory comes to right decisions on so large a number of doubtful cases; it is replied, that one false assumption may be corrected, and indeed wholly set right by another assumption true or false; and, in the system before us, such a remedial assumption is made in the statement that the consideration of consequences is to be applied by means of *general rules*; to violate a general rule is an evil which more than balances the apparent good results of any particular action.

Here, then, we have a new and perfectly distinct kind of utility in the *generality* of certain rules. In a case, for instance, where a man states to a professed casuist that he is in possession of a lie which it would be advantageous to palm upon men as a truth, Paley would say, Your lie will in the long run do more harm than good. The reply is—'I have calculated the issues, and find that good will greatly predominate.' The moralist has not calculated. Is he at a loss? No, not for an instant: he rejoins—'You violate a *general rule*; no good can compensate for such mischief as this.'

As he thus takes his stand upon general rules, he can reach

the hand of good fellowship, and make alliance offensive and defensive with those who stand upon the rock of primal and indefeasible rightness as a necessary and available truth. But we must be permitted to remark, that the Utilitarians can have no just claim to the use of these general rules until they have been framed from an extensive observation of consequences carried on exhaustively ; and we venture to predict that no such general rules will ever be framed from the observed consequences of good or evil actions in this world. As soon as the generalizing process is resorted to by an advocate of the utility theory, he must be conscious of supplying an *à priori* element, which he may as well at once call an independent notion of virtue. Our observation of the consequences of given actions in actual life—in the apportionment of external good—is by no means conclusively favourable. (So long, be it remembered, as we confine our observation to *external* good, as the pleasure theorists of the Bentham school affect to do.) We cannot, for our part, understand by what strange logic it can ever appear that external good—ease, luxury, and the like—are the appropriate rewards, or even the general consequences of virtue. We ask, with Pope, when surveying the outward inequalities in human condition, and in reply to the murmuring spirit—

‘ But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.

What then ? Is the reward of virtue bread ?

’Tis the price of toil ;

The knave deserves it when he tills the soil.’

And with him also we would say, and with that Blessed One from whose lips the truth first fell,

‘ What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,

The soul’s calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,

Is virtue’s prize : a better would you fix ?

Then give humility a coach and six.’

We rather regret, by the way, that Dr. Whewell has honoured the greatest of England’s poetic moralists with only an occasional quotation. It seems to us that few passages in our ethical literature are more interesting than the very evident but not easily determinable connexion between Pope and Bolingbroke as fellow workers in the field of ethics. Amongst the numerous declarations of war which the publication of Paley’s work excited, few ever approached even the pretence of victory. The practical philosophy, as it was called, nestled into the depths of practical English society, and bade fair to hold the citadel of public faith against all comers. The Alma Mater serenely nursed the low-born theory, and left the toils and vexations of inquiry to the *externs*—the unprivileged. To

Dr. Price, the dissenter, Dr. Whewell attributes 'views which are capable of being developed into a very valuable corrective of the errors of his cotemporaries,' his distinguishing merit being the perception of the radical defect in the Lockean psychology; while to another dissenter (Robert Hall) the most eloquent among protestant preachers, the high honour is assigned of furnishing, by way of quotation from his sermon on 'The Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis,' the crown of Dr. Whewell's Lectures on the History of Moral Science in England.

The succeeding lectures are devoted to an exposition and refutation of the general theory of Bentham. We regard these lectures as *addenda* to the prescribed course; we also regard them as far too precious and important to be treated in a hasty manner at the close of a sketchy review. There is even more than the usual amount of the author's caution and fairness in dealing with the works of a man not less weighty, though so radically different from himself; but at the same time the advocate for Independent morality is unsparing in the application of logic and sarcasm to the bombastic dogmatism which the Benthamites imagined was to crush the very idea of morality, and usurp the functions alike of reason and of conscience.

ART. VI.—*History of England. From the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles. 1713—1783.* By Lord Mahon. In Seven Volumes. Vol. VII. Svo. pp. lxxi.—515. London: John Murray.

IN noticing the former volumes of this work, we freely expressed our opinion on Lord Mahon's qualities as an historical writer, and need not, therefore, now repeat it. The present volume completes his labors, and is sure of finding a hearty welcome among all who value sound judgment, candid construction of motive, and diligent research. Lord Mahon is not a brilliant writer, nor does he make any pretensions to original genius. He is, however, a diligent explorer, fully sensible of the responsibility of his undertaking, and concerned to report with impartiality and truthfulness the results of his inquiries. His volumes awaken confidence rather than admiration. Integrity and candor are amongst their most conspicuous qualities. The kindness of his disposition triumphs, with very rare exceptions, over all the adverse influences of political partizanship. His work will, therefore, long retain its position in the confidence and favor of his countrymen. Such

a history was much needed. Little was known until recently of the period to which it refers, and though the earlier portion of it is amongst the least creditable in our annals, a thorough knowledge of its records is needful, in order to our clearly understanding the events which followed. The very scanty knowledge possessed even by intelligent Englishmen, of the events which occurred between the death of William III. and the breaking out of the first French revolution, is amongst the most obvious facts. This knowledge has embraced little more than the names of the sovereigns who reigned and of the political cliques which struggled for political ascendancy. We are now happily in the way of acquiring fuller and more accurate information. What was vague and misty is assuming a definite form, and the events of the period in question are standing out as luminous points to aid the judgment and direct the inquiries of our own age. It is enough to remark that the eighteenth century, deficient as the earlier portion of it was in men of illustrious talents and unblemished patriotism, yet witnessed the ratification of the Revolution of 1688 in the accession of the house of Hanover, the defeat of the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and the subsequent breaking up of the great Whig confederacy which threatened the kingdom with the evils of an oligarchy. We are far from ranking amongst the admirers of George III. We speak not of his private worth, but of his political career. The former we admit, but the latter was wanting in largeness of view, and in constitutional temper. One great benefit, however, flowed from the idiosyncrasies of the monarch. His personal resentments, though frequently inflicting temporary injury, broke up a confederacy which threatened national evil, and thus paved the way, after a protracted struggle and an immense amount of misrule, for our monarch becoming the head of a nation, rather than the leader of a party.

The attentive reader of the former portions of Lord Mahon's History must have observed the progress of this struggle, and the present volume furnishes additional illustrations. It commences with the year 1780, when the nation was violently agitated by efforts on behalf of economical reform. The heavy taxes which were necessitated by the immense military operations carried on, were not alleviated by any signal success. In America our arms were defeated, and in Europe the larger powers were intent on taking advantage of our disasters to accelerate our ruin. Very general dissatisfaction therefore prevailed, and many of the most distinguished politicians of the day sided with the people in demanding the abolition of sinecures, and a diminution of the influence of the crown. In December, 1779, two motions for economical reform were brought forward in the House of Lords by the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Shelburne. Both were

rejected by large majorities, but throughout the country a demand of unexampled intensity was raised. In spite of every exertion of the crown, 8000 freeholders in the county of York signed a petition praying the House of Commons to abolish sinecures, and to reduce exorbitant emoluments. Middlesex followed the example of York, and within a very few weeks twenty-three more English counties, and eleven of the largest cities or towns in the empire, met for the same purpose. 'It is to be noted,' says Lord Mahon, 'that in all the steps tending to economical reform, both branches of the old opposition—the followers of Lord Rockingham, and the followers of the late Lord Chatham—appear to have cordially concurred.' The ministry of Lord North struggled hard against the popular demand, and freely availed itself of every means to defeat it. The old borough system afforded facilities for this, but the ill success of our military operations counteracted its efforts. Not venturing on a direct rejection of the petitions presented, the ministry endeavored by side means to elude their prayer, until at length, in April, 1780, Mr. Dunning submitted to the House his celebrated resolution, 'That it is the opinion of this committee that the influence of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.' The Lord Advocate attempted a diversion in favor of the government, by moving that there should be prefixed to the original motion the words, 'It is now necessary to declare.' Mr. Fox, as the opposition leader, acquiesced in the suggestion, and on a division, the resolution so amended was carried against the government by 233 to 215. It is worthy of note, that of all the English county members, no more than nine appear in the list of the minority. Lord North, however, speedily rallied his followers to prevent any practical consequences from this triumph. Many of them had voted with Mr. Dunning through fear of their constituents, before whom they expected shortly to appear. But having done so, they speedily reverted to their old position, and placed him in a majority of 51, when Mr. Dunning moved that an address be presented to the king, praying him not to dissolve the House, nor to prorogue the session, until measures had been taken to diminish the influence of the crown. We do not wonder at the disappointment and resentment of the opposition chiefs. The language of Mr. Fox, 'It is shameful, it is base, it is unmanly, it is treacherous,' expressed the universal feeling of his party and of the country.

The Gordon riots occurred at this time, and served to divert attention from the parliamentary struggle. Of the character and course of these riots we need not speak. They are amongst the most disgraceful events in our history. Happily they were but short lived, yet they served to show the virulent character and terrible energy of the bad passions out of which they sprang.

‘Bitter was the shame with which the leading statesmen, only a few days afterwards, looked back to this fatal and disgraceful week. They had seen their lives threatened, and their property destroyed, at the bidding of a foolish young fanatic, not worthy to unloose the latchet of their shoes. Such dangers might be boldly confronted, such losses might be patiently borne; but how keen the pang to find themselves objects of fierce fury and murderous attack to that people whose welfare, to the best of their judgments, they had ever striven to promote! In such words as these does Burke pour forth the anguish of his soul:—“For four nights I kept watch at Lord Rockingham’s or Sir George Savile’s, whose houses were garrisoned by a strong body of soldiers, together with numbers of true friends of the first rank, who were willing to share their danger. Savile House, Rockingham House, Devonshire House, to be turned into garrisons! Oh what times! We have all served the country for several years—some of us for nearly thirty—with fidelity, labour, and affection, and we are obliged to put ourselves under military protection for our houses and our persons!”’—pp. 52, 53.

We shall not attempt to follow the course of Lord Mahon’s History in detail, as this would require much more space than we have at command. Our purpose will be better served by adverting to two or three of the more prominent and interesting facts included in it. Lord Mahon has devoted considerable attention to the war of American independence, and in the course of his narrative he dwells at large on the case of Major André, whose untimely fate has given rise to much discussion. The facts were briefly these. General Arnold, an American officer, had highly distinguished himself in the service of the colonists, but his pecuniary embarrassments, and some affronts received from his superiors, prompted him at length to commence a secret correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander at New York. This correspondence was carried on in a feigned hand, under the signature of ‘Gustavus.’ At this time Major André was aide-de-camp to Sir Henry, and the letters of Arnold were replied to by him under the signature of ‘John Anderson.’ The British commander was at first ignorant of the rank of his correspondent, but a variety of slight circumstances led him to suspect that he could be no other than General Arnold. The latter was appointed in August, 1780, to the command of the important fortress of West Point, the key of the upper province of New York, and he speedily transmitted to Sir Henry Clinton a direct proposal to surrender himself and the fortresses he commanded ‘in such a manner as to contribute every possible advantage to his Majesty’s arms.’ The treasonable nature of this proposal could not, of course, be misunderstood. ‘To gain possession of West Point, and its dependent posts, with their garrisons and military stores, and with the com-

mand of the Hudson River, which they implied, and by the same blow to strike distrust and terror into the very heart of the American ranks, was an object certainly, at that time, second to no other towards the successful prosecution of the war.' Arnold at length proposed a meeting, and stipulated that the officer sent to confer with him should be no other than Major André. To this proposal the British commander assented, strictly enjoining his young and gallant friend not to enter the American lines, nor to assume any disguise, nor to receive from Arnold any written communication. Proceeding up the Hudson in the Vulture sloop, André met the American general on neutral ground, but their conference not being concluded, he was prevailed on, at the approach of dawn, to accompany Arnold to a house within the American lines. There their arrangements for delivering up the works at West Point were completed, when André, finding it impracticable to return to the Vulture as he had intended, was induced to lay aside his uniform, to accept a pass from Arnold, under the name of John Anderson, and to take charge of various papers in the hand-writing of Arnold, though without his signature, explaining the condition of the works at West Point, and clearly indicating the scheme for its surrender. Proceeding on horseback towards New York he succeeded in passing the American lines, but on approaching Tarrytown he was seized by three militia men, who, on searching his person, found the secret papers with which he had been entrusted. Arnold effected his escape, but André was delivered over to General Washington, who immediately referred his case to a court of fourteen officers, twelve of whom were Americans. This military court was not long in arriving at a decision. They held only one meeting, and then reported to the commander that Major André ought to be considered a spy, and, according to the law and usage of nations, to suffer death. Every possible effort was made by Sir Henry Clinton to save his officer, but Washington was immovable. He confirmed the sentence of the court-martial, and made no reply to a touching and manly letter which Major André addressed to him, requesting that he might die as a soldier and not as a felon. The correspondence which passed between Major André and his commanding officer is deeply touching, and his execution produced at the time a strong emotion, and has subsequently been made the basis of serious accusation against Washington. 'From the moment of his capture,' says Mr. Sparks, in his 'Life of Washington,' 'till that of his execution, the conduct of André was marked with a candour, self-possession, and dignity, which betokened a brave and noble spirit.' The character of Washington precludes the suspicion of his having acted in this case under any other motive than that

of a sense of public duty. 'His feelings,' says his biographer, 'were deeply moved at the part he was compelled to act in consenting to the death of André.' The army, it is alleged, were dissatisfied, and demanded the sacrifice. We should be glad if the evidence on this point were more conclusive. At present, however, it rests rather on our general estimate of Washington's character than on anything bearing the semblance of evidence. Lord Mahon expresses a strong opinion on this point, and closes his account of the transaction by alleging that the death warrant of André was 'certainly by far the greatest, and perhaps the only blot in his (Washington's) most noble career.'

Though concurring with his lordship to some considerable extent, we cannot fully assent to his conclusion. The *safe-conduct* given by Arnold to André, on which he mainly relies, cannot, in our judgment, be pleaded. Had André been ignorant of the traitorous design of Arnold, it should have held good; but as it was received in the course of a treasonable arrangement, and was designed to promote its completion, André was not, we maintain, in a condition to claim its protection. In all cases where the parties receiving a safe conduct are ignorant of the traitorous procedure of the authors issuing it, the validity of the document ought to be maintained, but where the opposite is manifest, as in the case of Major André, it seems to us that no special pleading can establish the point at which Sir Henry Clinton and his associates labored. This was the view taken at the time by General Washington, and we confess, though we do so reluctantly, that it appears to us conclusive. Writing to Sir Henry Clinton on the 30th September, 1780, Washington says:—'Major André was employed in the execution of measures very foreign to the objects of flags of truce, and such as they were never meant to authorize or countenance in the most distant degree.' What is thus alleged in the case of 'flags of truce' holds equally good in reference to 'safe-conducts.' To conclude otherwise would open a wide door for the encouragement of treasonable designs. On one point, the conduct of Washington is fairly open to question, and here we cannot do better than quote the reasoning of Lord Mahon:—

'From the historical narrative,' says his Lordship, 'let us now pass to the critical examination of his fate. First, then, had Washington any good ground for relying on the judgment of the Court of Inquiry? Of whom did that court consist? As we have already seen, of twelve American, and of two European field-officers. Now, it must be borne in mind that the American generals at that time were, for the most part, wholly destitute of the advantage of a liberal education. They were men drawn from the plough-handle, or from the shop-board, at their country's call. Greene himself, the president of the tribunal, had been

a blacksmith by trade. These humble avocations afford no reason why such men might not always do their duty as became them in the field; why they should not sometimes acquire and display military skill; why, at the present day, their names should not be held in high honour by their countrymen. But they do afford a reason, and, as it seems to me, a strong one, why such men, having no light of study to guide them, having never probably so much as heard the names of Vattel or Puffendorf, could be no fit judges on any nice or doubtful point of law. And by whom had they been assisted? By La Fayette, who, though for some years a transatlantic general, was still only a youth of twenty-three, and who, as he tells us, had learnt little or nothing at his college. By Steuben, who had undoubtedly great knowledge and experience, but who speaking no English, while his colleagues spoke no French, was unable to discuss any controverted question with them.

‘It follows, then, that the verdict of such a tribunal ought to have no weight in such a case; and that Washington, far from relying upon it, was bound either to refer the question to such men as Knyphausen and Rochambeau, adjoining with them perhaps Steuben; or to ponder and decide it for himself. Had he considered it with his usual calmness and clear good sense, it seems scarcely possible that, with all the circumstances so utterly unlike, he should have pronounced the case of André to be the same as that of a common spy.’—pp. 102, 103.

It was proposed by General Robertson, whom Sir Henry Clinton despatched to Washington's head quarters, that the question should be referred to the judgment of General Knyphausen and the Comte de Rochambeau, and we are at a loss to account for the proposal not having been adopted. The leaning of these parties would undoubtedly have been towards the colonial view of the case, whilst their high character and military experience would have protected their judgment, whatever it might have been, from the suspicion which attaches to the American court-martial. We regret the transaction on many accounts. It is enough, however, to say that it exhibits the character of the great American general in a less attractive light than that in which we are accustomed to regard it. Few men were so faultless as General Washington, yet we greatly err if in this case his very virtues were not pushed to an extreme. He would have acted equally for the benefit of his country, and would have displayed a yet higher phase of the heroic character, had he mingled mercy with justice, and discriminated in the punishment inflicted between the conduct of André and that of the spy. ‘Mr. Washington,’ says Sir Henry Clinton in his Memoirs, ‘could not be insensible that the example, though ever so terrible and ignominious, would never deter a British officer from treading in the same steps whenever the service of his country should require his exposing himself to the like danger in such a war.’

Another point to which we shall advert is of more immediate

British interest. It pertains to parties nearer home, and is of considerable importance in estimating the character and policy of one of our most distinguished and influential statesmen. In the spring of 1782 Lord North was driven from power by the growing dissatisfaction of the country. His policy as a minister had been opposed for some years to his convictions as a man. His views on the American war had long differed from those of George III., yet he criminally persisted in a struggle which he knew to be fruitless, in deference to the wishes and obstinacy of the king. In this course he was not influenced by the mere love of office. His temper was yielding; his principles, so far as he had any, were held in subordination to the royal will; and he therefore proposed and defended measures with a view of pleasing his royal master rather than of promoting the interests of the empire. Happily his efforts were unavailing, and he was at length constrained to persist in the resignation which he had for some time contemplated. Overtures were made by the court to the Earl of Shelburne, and afterwards to Lord Gower. Both these noblemen having declined, the king was compelled to revert to Lord Rockingham, who was in consequence again installed in office. His second administration was formed March the 27th, and consisted of both the Rockingham and the Chatham or Shelburne section of the whigs. Five members were taken from each, and strange to say, the high tory chancellor, Lord Thurlow, retained the great seal. This part of the arrangement was submitted to in deference to the king, and was probably promoted by the mutual jealousy of the two parties, lest so splendid a prize should be awarded to a member of the opposite party. Referring to the 'Gazette,' which announced these appointments, Lord North, with his accustomed jocularly, remarked:—'I was abused for lying gazettes, but there are more lies in this one than in all mine. Yesterday his majesty was *pleased* to appoint the Marquis of Rockingham, Mr. Charles Fox, and the Duke of Richmond.' The king had no alternative. He submitted with evident reluctance, and not without ominous indications of a purpose to rid himself of his new advisers at the earliest possible moment.

Lord Mahon fails to do justice to Lord Rockingham. It is one of the few instances of systematic depreciation furnished by his work. Lord Rockingham was no doubt greatly indebted to his rank and family connexions for his position in the whig party; but he was far from being so contemptible in intellect as Lord Mahon alleges. The policy of the whigs presents unquestionably much ground for the charges advanced against them. The great offices of the state were deemed the special property of a few leading families, and men of pre-eminent abilities, who were not included within their clique, were consequently debarred

from the first prizes of the state. This narrow and injurious principle operated no doubt in the selection of Lord Rockingham, but his qualities were not so ignoble, nor his talents so utterly beneath contempt as is affirmed. The man whom Edmund Burke describes 'as an inflexible patriot,' and whose policy he says 'consisted in sincerity, fidelity, directness, and constancy;' who 'in opposition respected the principles of government,' and 'in administration provided for the liberties of the people,' must have had far higher claims on the confidence and gratitude of his countrymen than Lord Mahon admits. Great allowance may be made for the partiality of Burke; but, after all, his political leader and friend must be allowed to rank much higher in the scale of statesmanship than the representation of our author implies. The few creditable admissions which are made are connected with statements which greatly impair their significance. Whilst his character is described as 'high,' and as distinguished by 'honor and integrity,' he was not far, we are told, 'from the alloy of vehement party spirit, and was not supported by even the semblance of ability.' It was the weakness and the disgrace of Lord Rockingham's ministry that Edmund Burke, inferior certainly to none of his contemporaries in ability, and infinitely superior to most in the rectitude of his patriotism; who had long been foremost in the ranks of opposition, and whom his countrymen now regard as the first political genius of his day, was excluded from the cabinet, and received only the post of paymaster of the forces.* Such a fact goes far to justify Lord Mahon's statement, that 'men of genius if low born' were received by the whig party 'only as its servants and retainers.'

In Lord Rockingham's cabinet the Earl of Shelburne and Mr. Fox were Secretaries of State, the former taking charge of the home, and the latter of the foreign department. The old division of northern and southern was abandoned, and the colonial secretaryship having been abolished, the colonies, of which the United States formed part, were included in the province of the home secretary. This perplexing division gave rise to serious misunderstanding, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, furnished an occasion for exhibiting the dislike which existed between these eminent men. With mutual cordiality and good faith, it would have been difficult to avoid occasional misconceptions, but with such original mistrust on the part of both, the breach was gradually ripened. In the Duke of Buckingham's 'Memoirs of the Court and Cabinet of King George III.,' recently given to the public, several letters are printed which

* 'I make no part of the ministerial arrangement,' wrote Burke to a correspondent, March 25th, 1782. 'Something in the official line may possibly be thought fit for my measure.'

passed between Mr. Fox and Mr. Thomas Grenville, in which a direct charge is preferred against Lord Shelburne of intriguing against his colleagues, in the negotiations they were conducting with Dr. Franklin at Paris. A very strong view was expressed by Mr. Grenville respecting the mission of Mr. Oswald, whom he designates 'Lord Shelburne's ambassador.' Prior to Mr. Oswald's arrival at Paris, Mr. Grenville reported favorably on the progress of his negotiation, but an alteration in the temper of Franklin was immediately discernible, and Grenville urgently pressed that both himself and Mr. Oswald should be recalled, and 'a person of rank, such as Lord Fitzwilliam,' should be sent in their place. Upon these letters a very grave charge of insincerity has been preferred, and as the subsequent career of Mr. Fox was greatly influenced by the view which he took of the matter, it is needful to look somewhat carefully into it. 'It is clear,' says the editor of the Duke of Buckingham's Memoirs, 'from the singular facts revealed in this correspondence, that, while an ostensible minister was despatched to Paris by the general action of the government, with the sanction of the king, to negotiate terms with the American minister, Lord Shelburne had taken upon himself to appoint another negotiator, who was not only not to act in concert with Mr. Grenville, but whose clandestine mission seems to have been expressly intended to thwart and embarrass him, and whose appointment was without the approval, or even the knowledge, of the Cabinet.*' This passage accurately describes the tenor of the correspondence. Such was the view which both Mr. Grenville and Mr. Fox took of the transaction, and the latter expressed considerable indignation at the want of good faith which was suspected. The circumstances of the case were no doubt adapted to awaken suspicion, and with the previous mistrust which existed, were naturally regarded in the worst possible light. Grenville's first letter was shown to Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord John Cavendish, who were all, says Mr. Fox, 'as full of indignation at its contents as one might reasonably expect honest men to be.' Our first impression on reading this correspondence was with Mr. Fox; yet on a careful examination of the case, we are disposed to conclude that his impression was too hastily assumed, and his resentment consequently unauthorized. The character of Fox was much more frank and open-hearted than that of his colleague, yet we fail to discern, in the proceedings at Paris, anything to justify the severe charges preferred against Shelburne. We are now, probably, in a more favorable position to judge of the case than the parties immediately engaged.

* Vol i. p. 26.

The facts were not as stated in the foregoing extract, and we are precluded therefore from resting in the conclusion which it sets forth. Mr. Oswald, who had previously been employed at Paris, was sent back thither, not by Lord Shelburne, but by the Cabinet, and the province assigned to him was to negotiate with Franklin on American affairs. He went with the full knowledge and approval of the ministry, and communicated almost daily with Mr. Grenville after the arrival of the latter at Paris. There was nothing, therefore, clandestine in his mission. It was known to both sections of the ministry. On one point the Shelburnes and the Rockinghams differed, and this accounts for much which occurred. The former were in favor of the independence of America being included in a general treaty for peace, whilst the latter wished to concede independence as a preliminary to the treaty, and irrespective of it.

At the time of Oswald's mission it was resolved to send Mr. Thomas Grenville to Paris to treat of peace with France. Now Oswald was the friend of Lord Shelburne, and concurred in his views, whilst Grenville sustained the same relation to Fox. American affairs pertained to the home secretaryship, which was filled by Shelburne, whilst French and Spanish affairs belonged to the department of the foreign secretary, Mr. Fox. Under such circumstances it could scarcely fail that the proceedings of the two negotiators should clash, and hence, we imagine, much of the misunderstanding which followed. 'Considering,' says Lord Mahon, 'that America was in the department which Lord Shelburne held, the truth really seems to be that, if one secretary had cause to complain of the other for encroaching on his official province in the negotiations at Paris, that complaint which was made by Fox, might more justly have proceeded from his colleague.' There is no evidence, therefore, of an intrigue on Lord Shelburne's part, much less of any aim to conciliate the king by promoting views which were dictated by his personal feelings. It is important to understand this matter, from what speedily followed. Failing to carry his colleagues with him in the view which he advocated respecting American independence, Fox resolved on resignation, and was only deterred by the state of Lord Rockingham's health. That nobleman expired on the 1st July, and on the following day Lord Shelburne was constituted premier. Mr. Fox was invited to share his power, but declined, and speedily retired with Lord John Cavendish and the Duke of Portland. The last had been recommended to the king as the successor of Lord Rockingham, but his majesty was strongly incensed against Fox, whose integrity he mistrusted, as he sorely felt the inflictions of his condensed and impassioned oratory. Lord Mahon's remark on this passage in our history is well-timed.

‘Had Fox desired to put himself in competition with Shelburne for the Treasury, his pre-eminent abilities and his well won lead in the House of Commons would have warranted his claim. But to run all risks of discord and division by proposing another man whose main merit lay in this, that he was the Lord of Welbeck, and had married a daughter of the house of Devonshire—to put forward in his own stead a mere ducal puppet, whose strings others were to pull—seems a course which, however conformable to the precedents of his party, was, and I trust ever will be, repugnant to the spirit of his nation. How true and just the reflection which, at that crisis, Horace Walpole makes:—“It is very entertaining that two or three great families should persuade themselves that they have an hereditary and exclusive right of giving us a head without a tongue!”

‘But, further still, even if it was deemed indispensable that the choice should be confined to men of the highest rank, one might have been selected far superior to Portland, at least in talent and parliamentary standing, though destitute of a Cavendish connexion. The Duke of Richmond, whom Fox and Burke now concurred in passing by, might have been, at least according to their own previous estimation, no unworthy chief.

‘It is, therefore, no matter of surprise that, in the public opinion of the time, Fox was deemed to have no sufficient cause for throwing up his office, and breaking up his party. Many fewer placemen than he had expected joined him in his resignation; many fewer independent members approved it. Fox was further embarrassed by this difficulty, that in the causes he assigned he could not speak freely of the pending negotiations, which were still mysteries of State. “Lord George Cavendish,” writes Walpole, on the 8th of July, “owned to me that there might be reasons that could not be given. I said:—‘My Lord, will worse reasons satisfy the country?’” And two days later Walpole adds:—“They will receive another blow as sensible as any they have experienced; Sir George Savile disapproves their proud retreat.”’—pp. 271-273.

Lord Shelburne’s was a whig administration. Mr. Pitt, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was at this time a decided member of the whig party. Some of Lord Rockingham’s followers were included in the government, and the leading principles avowed were unquestionably identical with those of their predecessors. That Mr. Fox should decline to form part of it is only to be accounted for on the supposition of personal feeling, whether ambition or resentment, having been allowed to influence his decision. We see no reason apart from this for his standing aloof from colleagues with whom he substantially agreed, and in connexion with whom he might have hoped to check the despotism and to liberalize the narrow policy of the monarch. The house was at this time divided into three parties, and was computed by Gibbon to consist of 140 government members, 120 Lord North’s followers, and 90 under the leadership of Mr. Fox,

besides several whose votes were uncertain. By coalescing with Lord Shelburne, the tory party would have been effectually outnumbered, and remedial measures might have been passed which would have staved off many of the evils subsequently encountered. But passion—we regret to say it—was more powerful than patriotism, and the character of Fox suffered whilst the interests of his country were perilled. We have been the more particular in our details on this point as it exercised a material influence on the subsequent fortunes of Fox, and led almost immediately to that most disastrous coalition to which we shall take an early opportunity of adverting.

It was soon apparent that the Cabinet of Lord Shelburne was to be assailed with no common virulence. Burke described the king's speech on the meeting of Parliament 'as a medley of hypocrisies and nonsense,' and Fox added that 'he detested as much as he despised it.' Lord North's party was equally intent, though on different grounds, on damaging its reputation; but its policy was defended by William Pitt, who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and ministerial leader of the Commons, now found ample scope for the display of those signal abilities which enabled him during many stormy years to maintain his ascendancy in the British legislature. The name of William Pitt is so intimately associated with our ideas of modern toryism, that it is difficult to realize the fact that at an earlier period he was in the foremost rank of those who advocated the reform of parliament, the shortening of its duration, and the correction of electoral abuses. Yet such was the fact. He was then greatly in advance of many members of the whig party, as the following extract, referring to the year 1782, will show:—

'On the 8th of May, Mr. Pitt, seconded by Alderman Sawbridge, brought it forward in the House of Commons. To reconcile, or rather to conceal, the wide differences that prevailed as to any definite or specific plan, the motion of Pitt was only—That a committee be appointed to inquire into the present state of representation of the Commons, and to report what steps in their opinion it may be proper to take thereupon.

'On this question the new ministers were very much at variance. Fox, for example, was its steady friend. The opinions of the Duke of Richmond in its favour were not only eager, but extreme. On the other hand, Lord John Cavendish, as one of his colleagues tells us, was "diffident of the effect of any parliamentary reform." It was caution only that withheld the open expression of the Prime Minister's repugnance. The effect of this strong disinclination in several of the Rockinghams was apparent on the 7th of May. Pitt urged his motion with great ability; it was supported not less ably by Sheridan and Fox; but Dundas opposed it in a speech abounding both with argument and wit; Burke and Thomas Townshend absented themselves; and the

proposal for a committee was negatived by twenty votes, the numbers being 161 to 141.

'It was with some difficulty that Fox had prevailed on Burke to keep aloof on this occasion. But on a later day, when the general question was again incidentally discussed, the member for Malton could no longer be restrained. Then, as Sheridan relates it in a secret letter to Fitzpatrick, "Burke acquitted himself with the most magnanimous indiscretion, attacked William Pitt in a scream of passion, and swore parliament was and always had been precisely what it ought to be, and that all people who thought of reforming it wanted to overturn the constitution.

'The debate in which Burke thus unburthened himself was on Alderman Sawbridge moving to shorten the duration of parliaments, when a large majority declared against that measure. Another bill to prevent bribery and expenses at elections, which was introduced by Lord Mahon, and supported by Mr. Pitt, seemed at first to meet with more success. It passed the second reading, but in the committee some of its provisions were deemed unduly severe, the candidate being precluded from defraying the conveyance of the non-resident voters to the poll. Several long debates ensued upon it; but the most stringent of its clauses being negatived, Lord Mahon withdrew the bill.'—pp. 246-248.

Lord Mahon has judiciously severed the history of our Indian Empire from his general narrative. In a former volume, he brought down its affairs to a period of unexampled difficulty and danger, when Lord Clive was selected as the only man who could sustain our power in the East. From the close of his second administration to the end of the government of Warren Hastings, the events are detailed in the volume before us. Three chapters, extending from pages 312 to 459, are devoted to this subject, and the clear and consecutive sketch they give will considerably aid the reader in comprehending the rise of our Indian empire. The moral obliquities of Warren Hastings are not marked by the strong reprobation they merit. The historian's good temper has prevented his condemning them in terms of sufficient severity. We do not plead for a literal interpretation of the passionate declamation of Burke, but we do think that the case called for severer censure than the pages of the historian contain.

The last chapter is devoted to the 'Life and Manners' of the 16th century, and did our space permit, we should freely avail ourselves of its sketches. Mr. Macaulay has furnished an admirable model for compositions of this order, and we are glad that Lord Mahon has followed so worthy a precedent. The subject is well fitted to his genius, and the chapter devoted to it, whilst forming an appropriate sequel to his history, is one of the most interesting portions of the work. It cannot fail to be read with pleasure, and should render us grateful for the progress that has been made, in whatever contributes to the safety and embel-

lishment of life. Many of our readers will have difficulty in realizing the state of things referred to in the following passage :

‘ Only three summers since a French gentleman in the Highlands was gazing with some surprise at the tranquil and orderly scenes around him, and saying that his friends at Paris had advised him to come upon his journey well provided with pistol and sword, since, as they bid him bear in mind, “you are going to the country of Rob Roy!” We can scarce blame these Parisians for so faithfully remembering that little more than a hundred years ago Rob Roy was able to levy his “black mail” on all whocame beneath the shadow of his mountains. But they might at least with equal reason have applied the same advice to England; for much less than a hundred years ago the great thoroughfares near London, and, above all, the open heaths, as Bagshot and Hounslow, were infested by robbers on horseback, who bore the name of highwaymen. Booty these men were determined by some means or other to obtain. In the reign of George the First they stuck up handbills at the gates of many known rich men in London, forbidding any one of them, on pain of death, to travel from town without a watch or with less than ten guineas of money. Private carriages and public conveyances were alike the objects of attack. Thus, for instance, in 1775, Mr. Nuthall, the solicitor and friend of Lord Chatham, returning from Bath in his carriage with his wife and child, was stopped and fired at near Hounslow, and died of the fright. In the same year the guard of the Norwich stage (a man of different metal from the lawyer) was killed in Epping Forest, after he had himself shot dead three highwaymen out of seven that assailed him. Let it not be supposed that such examples were but few and far between; they might from the records of that time be numbered by the score; although in most cases the loss was rather of property than life.’—pp. 461, 462.

The state of our universities during the greater part of the 18th century was lamentably deficient. Oxford, as Lord Mahon observes, was ‘as a valley between hills.’ During the former century it had been graced, together with its sister institution, by some of the most distinguished men in our annals. Men of science and philosophers, poets and theologians, statesmen of high genius, and scholars of profound erudition, had shed over these noble institutions the lustre of their genius. But during the period comprised in Lord Mahon’s narrative, the reputation of these seminaries was at the lowest possible ebb, and their influence was, to a large extent, positively noxious:—

‘ While we may reject in all the more essential features such gross caricatures as those of Squire Western and Parson Trulliber, we yet cannot deny that many both of the country gentlemen and clergy in that age showed signs of a much neglected education. For this both our Universities, but Oxford principally, must be blamed. “I have heard,” says Dr. Swift, “more than one or two persons of high rank declare they could learn nothing more at Oxford and Cambridge than to drink ale and smoke tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them, and

could have added some hundred examples from my own observation in one of these universities,"—meaning that of Oxford. At Cambridge such men as Professor Saunderson had kept up the flame, worthily maintaining her high mathematical renown. But even there it is plain, from the letters of Gray, how little taste for poetry and literature lingered in her ancient halls. Oxford, on the other hand, so justly famed both before that age and after it, had then sunk down to the lowest pitch of dullness and neglect. Gibbon tells us of his tutor at Magdalen College, that this gentleman well remembered he had a salary to receive, and only forgot he had a duty to perform. The future historian was never once summoned to attend even the ceremony of a lecture, and in the course of one winter might make unreproved, in the midst of term, a tour to Bath, a visit into Buckinghamshire, and a few excursions to London. We may incline to suspect the testimony of the sceptic against any place of Christian education, but we shall find it (allowing only for the superior license of every gentleman commoner), confirmed in its full extent by so excellent and so eminent a member of our church as Dr. Johnson. Here is his own account of his outset at Pembroke College. "The first day after I came I waited on my tutor, Mr. Jordan, and then stayed away four. On the sixth Mr. Jordan asked me why I had not attended. I answered, I had been sliding in Christ Church meadow." This apology appears to have been given without the least compunction, and received without the least reproof.—pp. 466-468.

A want of moral refinement pervaded all classes of the community at this period, as was shown in the character of the light literature which was then in vogue.

'We may guess,' says Lord Mahon, in the only other extract for which we can find room, 'the customary nature of the talk or the songs after dinner, when we find that, in great houses, the chaplain was expected to retire with the ladies. But in many cases we find this want of moral refinement extend even to the other sex. Of this a strong instance is afforded in a letter, hitherto unpublished, from a great politician and party-leader, William Pulteney, at that time Earl of Bath. Writing to his relative Colman, who had begun to practise as a barrister, Lord Bath, whether in jest or earnest, alludes as follows to his own family circle:—"This letter I direct to you at Shrewsbury (on circuit), which is the nearest place to find you in. If you are concerned in the trial of any rape, the ladies desire you would send a minute particular account of all that passed in it." Another strong proof of the same conclusion may be gathered from the correspondence of Sir Walter Scott. His grand-aunt, Mrs. Keith, of Ravelstone, a lady then far advanced in life, applied to him in his younger years to obtain for her perusal the novels of Mrs. Afra Behn—some of the most licentious in the language. Scott, though not without some qualms, complied with the request. The peccant volumes were, however, most speedily returned. "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn," said Mrs. Keith, "and if you will follow my advice, put her in the fire. But is it not a strange thing," she added, "that I, a woman of eighty, sitting

alone, feel ashamed to look through a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles of the best company in London?"—pp. 479, 480.

We take leave of Lord Mahon's History with great respect. It will long maintain an honorable place in the literature of our country, and is equally creditable to the good sense, candor, research, and moral rectitude of the author. Other works may possess more brilliant qualities, but 'The History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht,' is distinguished by attributes so thoroughly English, and is pervaded, moreover, by so strict an impartiality, that its pages will long be referred to as a depository of accurate information and sound philosophy.

ART. VII.—*The Elements of Political Science. In Two Books. Book I.: on Method. Book II.: on Doctrine.* With an Account of Andrew Yarranton, the Founder of English Political Economy. By Patrick Edward Dove, Author of 'The Theory of Human Progression.' 8vo. pp. x.—470. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. London: Theobald. 1854.

ALL thoughtful persons have their attention occupied, more or less, with the condition of society as it is presented in the records of the past, and as it is seen in different regions of the earth, and under various forms of government, at the present day. No one can doubt that the greater part of mankind are badly governed; that while despotism, slaveholding, social oppression, domestic misery, insurrections, and wars prevail in any part of the world, there must be some fundamental evils which are terribly potent. In some minds there is a tendency towards apathy in the contemplation of these evils, or rather of their effects; they abandon mankind to the natural working of their passions and conflicting interests, believing that, sooner or later, the evils must work their own end if they do not destroy the whole framework of society. To such persons all projects for improvement based on theoretic principles are idle dreams, useless speculations, incapable of any beneficial action on the stubborn realities of practical life. Not a few look back to the former times, which are lighted up with sunny pictures of prosperous commonwealths, while the crimes and woes are ignored or hidden, and they see nothing in the course of man but a downward progression from bad to worse:—

*'Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem.'*

Others, again, take brighter views, and look on the progress of separate nations and of the world at large, in the hopeful confidence that there has always been a gradual progress in the right direction, and that this progress is still going on towards a glorious future. We agree with these. We believe that in the slow march of ages mankind, as a whole, has made advances; that civilization has combined many and conflicting forces in bringing out beneficial issues; that the elements of national prosperity and the laws of national life are beginning to be understood; that the discovery, discussion, and propagation of true principles of all kinds are preparing the way for a more just and happy condition of our race; and that by the concurrence of many separate agencies directed by an Unseen Hand the world is yet to enjoy a long and universal age of truth, righteousness, and love. This consummation, we believe, will approach more rapidly in proportion as the more influential members of society everywhere are taught to understand the principles of things, and to rely on the peaceful operation of unchangeable laws rather than on the impulses of the many, or on the forces intrusted to the few.

The study of social science, or political philosophy, is by many writers of the present day treated as though it were something comparatively new; whereas it engaged the profoundest thinkers among the ancient Greeks. The 'Politics' of Aristotle have been read in Greek ever since the revival of letters, and frequently translated into the modern languages. 'Cicero de Officiis' is a class-book in the higher schools. Hobbes's 'Leviathan,' one of the best books in our language, as regards the clearness and vigour of its style, was written for the purpose of strengthening the monarchy in the civil wars, and is, therefore, disliked by all friends of liberty; yet it evolves not a few grand principles with the genius of an original thinker. The political writings of Sidney, Selden, Locke, and others in our own country, together with those of Grotius, Puffendorf, and Montesquieu on the Continent, prepared the way for Adam Smith's 'Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations,' of which Sir James Mackintosh spoke as 'perhaps the only book which produced an immediate general and irrevocable change in some of the most important parts of the legislation of all civilized states.' Ferguson's 'Progress of Civil Society' is profound in original thought. De Lolme's 'Essay on the English Constitution,' Lord John Russell's 'Essay on Civil Liberty in England,' Bentley's 'Political Writings,' and Hallam's 'Constitutional History of England,' are all helpful. In the department of political science which has

received the somewhat illusive title of *economy*, the modern writings in German, Spanish, Italian, French, and English, would fill a library. To many of our readers their names are probably unknown. Quesnay, who stands at the head of the school, was followed by Mirabeau, Mercier, Dupont, Condorcet, Raynal, Turgot, Neckar, Colbert, Sismondi, Garnier, Say, Gamier, and others in France; Bandini, Broggia, Galiani, Pagnini, Carli, Genovesi, Algarotti, Zanon, Beccaria, Verri, Paoletti, Vasco, Ortes, Briganti, Filangieri, Caraccioli, Scrofani, Solera, Ricci, Palmieri, Mengotti, are the chief Italian authors of the eighteenth century, whose writings are collected by Custodi in fifty volumes; in the present century Melchiorre Gioia published a great work on 'Economic Science' in six quarto volumes, and he has been followed by Ressi, Bossellini, and by Pecchio; Ulloa and Ustariz in Spain; Storch, Schmalze, and Jacob, in Germany; Malthus, Ricardo, Mill, M'Culloch, Senior, Tooke, Torrens, Whately, Chalmers, and many more in England; Tucker and a few others have written in America.

Mr. Dove's work being on the elements of political science, he naturally regards the 'scientific method' as presenting itself, first, in the form of *à priori* reasoning, or deduction from axioms and definitions; and, secondly, in the *à posteriori* form of reasoning or induction from natural phenomena:—

'The science of politics is *à priori* and rational (that is, the produce of axiomatic reason); political economy is *à posteriori*, and founded on observation. The science of politics must commence with its indisputable axioms and exact definitions, and pursuing these into their details show how they would affect the relations of men and the order of society. Political economy commences with the observation of facts, and when these are sufficiently numerous they are gathered into clusters according to their agreement, and from them is inferred a general fact, or law, or principle, which, although not proven by pure reason, and indeed incapable of such proof, is a fair inference from the facts brought before the mind, and may justly be taken as the ground of argument or of action. . . . There is another difference between pure politics and political economy. Pure politics, if there be such a science, must lay down its rules of perfect and abstract political right. These rules being investigated by the intellect alone, are capable, like mathematical propositions, of universal verification. Any one having the capacity, who shall choose to direct his mind to the study, may convince himself of their truth. Being purely rational, they are capable of examination by the reason alone, and may thus be tried by the axiomatic judgment of mankind. Political economy, on the contrary, is dependent on the correct observation of an indefinite number of facts, and as these must be received on the evidence of many individuals, it is sometimes difficult to arrive at an unobjectionable conclusion. True, if the facts could be perfectly observed, perfectly recorded, and perfectly reasoned with, the result would be as certain

in this case as in the other ; but the difficulty of accurate appreciation renders the result always to a certain degree uncertain. While the intellect can *think* perfectly (witness algebra and geometry), it cannot appreciate external nature perfectly, so that everything dependent on observation is an approximation, and no more. . . . Both sciences have their legitimate use. Both are branches of nature, and both, in so far as they are true, are the expression of the will of the Divine Intelligence, who hath done all things well.'—pp. 31, 34, 41.

Another difference which the author observes between political economy and true politics, is, that while political economy has to do with benefits, political science has to do with *rights*. But while these differences are insisted on, the two sciences have a common ground, inasmuch as the great principles of political economy are laid in the dogmas of abstract politics, and political truth has its verifications in the findings of political economy. Having illustrated these positions in the first chapter of Book I., 'On Method,' the writer proceeds in the second chapter to THE LORD AND THE SERF—the two extremes—the gradual transformation—the final result—and propositions on change, and the means of making it. In discussing these topics, he traces the departure of the law of serfdom from the law of nature, that 'each man's mind has power over that man's body, and *over no other*,' and the gradual assertion of the serf's *right* in opposition to the lord's *privilege*. In one stage or other of this process, we find every country of Europe. In Britain, the long struggle has triumphed in the destruction of serfdom. But the question of the *land* still remains. On this question the author is not sanguine in his estimate of the power of any treatise on the science of politics. He teaches that men will be in their best political state when each shall possess *legally* exactly what he has a right to justify ; that so long as some possess *more*, and others *less* than they are justly entitled to, men are not in their best political state ; that they who possess more are the *privileged* classes, and those who possess *less* are the *unprivileged* classes ; that change for the better consists in reducing the privileged to the legal possession of what is their own, and in raising the unprivileged to the legal possession of what is theirs ; that change may be effected by the *privileged* directly and *legally*, and by the unprivileged by force, directly and *illegally*, or through what is termed moral influence, or public opinion, indirectly and *legally* ; that change for the better proceeds slowly, because the *privileged* classes will not make it, and because the *unprivileged* classes have not legally the power to make it otherwise than slowly, nor the will to make it otherwise than legally ; that while change may be made quickly by force or revolution *illegally*, there are objections to revolution ; that the privileged classes will not make changes for the better, because they are ignorant or corrupt, and

that the moral influence of the unprivileged classes is not great enough to produce a speedy change for the better, but that this power among them is increased by the knowledge of political truth and of political economy. The progress of such increase being necessarily slow and silent, the author's chief reliance is on the harmony of nature, which has made the *just* beneficial, and the unjust injurious. The suffering occasioned by injustice must be traced to its true cause before the clamour provoked by suffering can become effectual to produce or extort the change. 'Thus,' he says, 'the diffusion of knowledge will gradually lead towards the best political state. It is therefore important that the unprivileged classes should be informed of, and correctly understand, the causes of their systematic suffering. Suffering makes them feel their wrongs, and knowledge teaches them how these wrongs may be corrected.'

The third chapter is entitled 'The Question for Solution.' In discussing this question, the author assumes, that anterior to legislation there must exist natural principles on which legislation ought to be founded; or, that some particular and definite form of legislation must be of divine institution and establishment; or, that legislation ought not to exist. As one of these positions must be true, the last is, for the present, left out of the inquiry; as the second, though possible, is without any evidence of being true, and the *first* is supported by the common judgment of mankind, the author undertakes the examination of these *anterior* principles on which legislation ought to be founded. It is due to him, that we should here introduce what he gives as his reasons for not, in the first place, examining revelation on questions of political science. To us they are so satisfactory, and they approach so nearly to what we believe to be the true relation between all science and the Bible, that we do not know how we could do better than by giving them at length:—

'I do not, in the first place, intend to examine revelation, because it is *as a natural science* that I propose to treat the theory of politics,—as something that may be studied by the unaided intellect, as something that may be known by all men, whether they have or have not the books of revelation. There is a natural theory of political equity, quite independent of the truths of revelation, and though it cannot fail to be interesting to study the politics of Scripture, it is of primary necessity that the politics of nature should receive that due attention, without which the sanction of revelation would too easily degenerate into theocratic tyranny and priestly domination. We learn from history, that those who based their theories too exclusively on Scripture, fell into the error of *confounding sins against the Almighty with crimes against society*, and, animated with the best possible intentions, they did establish laws essentially tyrannical, and endeavoured to exclude from civil rights those who were only obnoxious to *ecclesiastical*

censure or discipline. The pilgrim fathers who fled from persecution at home, and who willingly expatriated themselves in the cause of civil and religious liberty, when they settled on the western shores of the Atlantic endeavoured to found a *scriptural* community. And what was the result? Those very men who had maintained the cause of human rights and human liberty, who had thrown their all into the contest with the noble recklessness of the truest heroism, founded a theocratic association, and made church membership the criterion of civil privileges. (It was the theory at home, only with other ideas of church membership.) The temptations to such a course, were no doubt most powerful under the circumstances of their exile, but the laws were nevertheless essentially tyrannical, and brought forth the natural fruits of dissension, coupled with the hypocrisy or heresy of those who purchased their civil status by assenting to religious forms and ceremonies in which they had no real interest. The Scriptures do, no doubt, contain the best and purest principles of political rectitude; but where is the man of so perfect judgment, and so perfect impartiality, that he can from Scripture draw the line of true demarcation between the things that man may justly take cognizance of, and the things which the Creator and Divine Judge has reserved for his own supreme disposal? Besides, even grant that the Scriptures contain the principles of right and wrong as applied to societies, it will be found on more minute examination, that something more definite is required before a community can justly assume the form of a state in which one man rules and another is ruled. The Scripture sanctions no particular man, but the ruler must be a particular man; the Scripture sanctions no particular form of constitution, but the form of constitution must be a particular one. Now, who is to determine which man shall fill the ruler's office, and who is to determine what particular form of constitution shall be established in the state, and upon what principles are these to be determined? These are questions which Scripture does not answer, and does not profess to enlighten us on. They are left to the judgment of mankind, to be determined on some other principle than that of divine revelation. Scripture sanctions all good and equitable constitutions, but by no means determines the peculiar form that is most in accordance with the will of the Creator. No license is afforded in Scripture for the domination of one man over another, backed with the awful authority of eternal power and wisdom. The ruler and the ruled equally receive approbation, so long as they act rightly in their stations; but what the particular form of *that rightly* is, Scripture does not trace in such minute detail as to allow any man or any body of men to assume the proposition that they have the authority of Heaven to interfere in any way with their fellows. Scripture arms no man against his fellow man, but gives the sanction of authority to every act that is just, and righteous, and benevolent, and kind, and charitable, leaving it to men themselves to arrange their own forms of government, or of law, within those general limits which justice legitimately admits. No act of *injustice* receives the sanction of the Scriptures, and every act of injustice is threatened with the visitation of divine displeasure. But in the formation of a State, which

necessarily involves positive enactment on the part of the community, something more is required than the mere negative prohibition of injustice—namely, the determination of what injustice is; and this *something else* must be sought for, not in the Scriptures, in the first place, but in those natural principles of equity, whose existence Scripture takes for granted when it gives sanctions to the just, and promulgates its threatenings against the unjust. Many illustrations of justice, both as applied to individuals and to communities, may be found in the books of revelation, and many valuable precepts may be gathered for the conduct of societies; but we must clearly remember that Scripture pre-supposes the existence of that *justice*, which it so often inculcates and sanctions, but does not originate.

‘From these considerations, therefore, it is evident that Scripture must be appealed to, not for the purpose of teaching us a divine science of politics, but for sanctioning and approving all such human systems as are naturally just and equitable. Tyranny, whether the tyranny of the many or the few, is equally hateful and equally reprobated in the eye of revelation. Licentiousness, which is only tyranny under another name, meets with no more favour than unbridled despotism.’—pp. 61-65.

It is not overlooked that the supremacy of law is everywhere recognised in Scripture, the ruler being only the person who is to carry it into just and general operation. When states try their laws by the primary principles of equity they are free, and advance towards perfection; where they do not, they are enslaved, degraded, and ever tending to revolution. Society seeks to recover its equilibrium by a law which limits the disturbing forces, and which varies according to the intelligence of the people. Liberty is the security for order, and knowledge and virtue are the supports and safeguards of liberty.

The fourth chapter is ‘On the Distinction between the Abstract and the Inductive Sciences, and Classification of the Abstract Sciences.’ After showing that equity is as capable of being reduced to science as mechanics, the author proceeds in chapter five to definitions, and in the next chapter to ‘the axiom,’ which terminates the First Book. The Second Book is ‘On Doctrine.’ Here the first chapter enumerates *ninety-seven* facts, principles, and probable facts relating to man, the agent involved in political science. He now passes from the reign of intellectual theory, dealing with abstract truth, into the broad field of reality, where politics become ‘the development of the rational laws which should determine human volition and human action, so far as mutual interference is concerned—the science of those mutual *duties* which are universally obligatory, *and which may at all times be justly enforced.*’ The mere will of the ruler being no longer the rule of political rectitude, his opinion requires an intellectual law. That all men are equal, in natural rights, is proved from *Scripture*.

ture; from *reason*, which shows that the same moral law is binding on all men; and from *observation*, which enables us to understand *who* are men. In the development of this proof the author is remarkably clear and cogent, exposing the mistakes which have been committed in connexion with it, and expressing a calm and healthy reliance on the progress of truth. In the midst of close reasoning, independently of Scripture, we are glad to meet with a passage like the following:—

‘Although politics, as a science, is perfectly distinct from religion, the history of man, past, present, and future, is essentially connected and bound up with religion. No separation between the two is possible, without at once landing us in the most inexplicable mysteries, which do not admit even of intelligible statement.

‘It is the duty of every Christian surely and certainly to expect a millennium. Whether there shall or shall not be a personal reign of the Son of God on the earth we know not, and can offer no opinion that is worthy of attention. At the same time, we have the sure word of promise that there shall be a reign of righteousness (justice) on the earth, and that God himself, the true and legitimate ruler of the human race, shall take to himself his great power and *reign*. If God reign we must have the total abolition of all systematic injustice; and as the human race is evolving from the multitudes of diverse credences, so may it ultimately evolve from the multitudes of human rulers, and be assembled under its one legitimate Lord. It is true, the world may say that “These all do contrary to Cæsar, saying that there is another king, *one* Jesus,” but “let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus Lord and Christ.” *That* Jesus is the only personal ruler who has a right to rule over mankind. Until he assume his power, it is the duty of human rulers merely to fill the office of administrators of the rules of justice. They are the magistrates of equity, not the rulers of men. To all honour, and to all proper obedience, they are entitled, when they act justly and impartially; but the only PERSON who can rule from his own right as a person, is the incarnate Son of God. The Christian can give allegiance to no other, except as that other is the administrator, and not the supreme sovereign; if he act wrongfully he may be deposed, tried, or even condemned to death, if he have been guilty of a crime that would entail that penalty on a subject; he may be set up to-day, and put down to-morrow, and set up again the next day, without any more crime attaching to such actions than attaches to the hiring and discharge of a servant. For man there is but one true ruler; one who hath purchased his kingdom, who hath redeemed his people, who is not only the true and good pastor, but the legitimate and rightful Lord; one who is not only man but God blessed for ever. Whether in visible form, or in spiritual essence, that divine Lord must ultimately reign. The world may scoff as it will, but it can neither arrest the promise nor the arm of the Almighty. “Thy kingdom come” is all that the earth requires to make it happy.’
—pp. 144-146.

Our space is too narrow to allow us to follow Mr. Dove

in his luminous exposition of the important words, DUTY, CRIME, RIGHT, WRONG, and PROPERTY. Meaning by PROPERTY, not the thing actually possessed, but the thing *justly* possessed, he says, 'It is impossible that a slave should be the *property* of his master. One of the objects of this work is (ultimately) to exhibit the *impossibility*, both as applied to *slaves* and to *land*.' After settling definitions, and laying down axioms and postulates, the author devotes the third chapter of this Second Book to the illustration of the following propositions:—1. All men are equal in natural rights; 2. A man has not a right to do everything; 3. Men have a right to do something; 4. To find the equitable limit of action; 5. No majority of men may equitably interfere with a minority, or with a single individual; 6. Society can contain only those rights which belong to the individual composing society. From these propositions he concludes that —

'The right of a legislature to perform acts which may not justly be performed by individuals, is only a portion of the political *superstition* from which Europe is gradually emerging, as it emerged from religious and physical superstition a few centuries since. *The same moral law is incumbent upon men associated in society, that ought to regulate their conduct as individuals.* And the acts from which an individual is morally bound to refrain, no legislature in the world is competent to command, and no government to carry into execution. If it be not so, men have the power to obliterate all moral law whatever, by merely enacting its universal abolition. But although the theoretic limit of just legislation may be clearly seen, we must not expect that legislation will be confined to its proper boundaries, until the evils growing one after another to a height, and pressing too severely on the population, shall be traced to their true cause, and be successively abolished because they can no longer be borne.'—p. 167.

Chapter four is 'On the Formation of the State, and the Right of the Majority.' The design of this chapter is to place among natural rights, which all men have a right to defend, *property* as well as liberty. In opposition to 'the present credence, and the present practice,' he represents the land of a nation as belonging equally to every living citizen of that nation, 'consequently all title-deeds granted by dead kings are invalid, and need not be respected.' The first end of legislation being *justice*, which is immutable, and universally binding, it requires not for this end the consent of any; but it does require a deliberative assembly, to determine the applications of equity by specific laws, which should be unalterable, and written; and also, an executive government to carry out these laws, so as to protect every member of the state from unjust interference by every other member, or by any other state. The second end of legislation being *expediency*, relating to beneficial public acts, can justly affect those only who have a free voice in the election of the legislators. Of the first

department of legislation the rule is—*politics* ; of the second, the rule is—political economy. The form of government, Mr. Dove argues, ought to be determined in a Book of the Constitution, added to the Book of the Law ; and this constitution, he further argues, cannot validly enforce any enactments, which infringe any principle of justice, on any man who has not previously agreed to join the society in its formation, more specially, on any man who is excluded from the national deliberations. Mr. Dove, of course, is arguing here on the abstract principles of justice. He knows that property is determined on the grounds of *law*. But as law has no real authority but that which it owes to the principles of equity, we do not know that we can do better than accept his theory of property until a better is propounded, obeying the law which is, yet using all just means for bringing it into nearer conformity with truths which are fundamental and unchangeable. The history of all European law relative to property is more or less the record of injustice. The practical questions for Englishmen are—*by whom* are the taxes paid which, but for allocation of the state lands to private individuals, would not have been needed, inasmuch as the fiscal rental of those lands would meet all the exigencies of the state ; and, further, whether the imposition of these taxes on the persons who pay them is, or is not, based on justice ?

The right of the majority is treated in the same abstract and rigidly logical method. The majority can never have a right to enforce what is itself unjust ; neither can it enforce what it believes to be expedient on any but those who have freely consented to be ruled by that majority. The great difficulty, as it strikes us, in dealing with these matters, is, that we are not beginning a new state, that we are born in a mixed condition of benefits and evils, that we must either submit to laws in the making of which it was impossible that we should have been consulted, or commit terrible deeds of force, which could not succeed in this country, or any other European state. Mr. Dove himself teaches that there are objections to revolution ; ‘that the ruled, as well as the rulers, are liable to do wrong ; that men may be called upon by Scripture to obey unjust laws’ (p. 169) ; that it is by the practical working of injustice to the injury of the community, not by abstract reasonings, that beneficial changes can be looked for ; and that the only probable advantage of such a book as the one he has written, is the diffusion of sound principles, in such a way as to save men from the extreme pressure of suffering before the voice of justice is regarded. Whatever may be thought of the manifest tendencies of these pages, it is certainly a noble thing to lay open the essential morality of politics ; to exhibit the co-ordination of rights with duties ; to bring every institution, however

ancient, and every law, however venerable, to the touchstone of eternal truth ; and to prepare the way, in so far as it *can* be so prepared, for the universal prevalence of that earthly felicity which is the natural and divinely-appointed fruit of righteousness. At the same time, it appears to us that other things are true besides those on which Mr. Dove has dwelt, and that he has stated too nakedly his propositions regarding the right of every man 'to recover his *own property* for himself, or his neighbour's property for his neighbour, in all circumstances and at all times. If he have the *power*, then may he *justly* use that power ; but there may be circumstances in which it would not be *judicious* to use it.' Here is betrayed the consciousness that the proposition without the qualifying statement at the end is too bold.

We are not objecting to the qualification, nor to the place in which it appears ; but, in a work on 'The Elements of Political Science,' it ought to have been shown that there are elements which would demonstrate the *injustice* as well as the *injuriousness* of using a power which, in the absence of such elements, would be justly used. If *every man* may carry the law of *justice* into effect, 'every man' ought to have a clear perception of what that law is, in all its applications ; a calm regard for that law alone, without self-interest or passion ; and a power of self-control, which, if possessed, would render government useless and legislation superfluous. But until 'every man' is in this condition, we must demur to the broad statement of right which Mr. Dove has so strongly made. What he says is true only in the abstract, if true at all ; but man is a *concrete* being, and the analysis of his complex nature and his multiform relations will have to be carried much farther than they have been in this volume before the real worth of the truths inculcated will appear in their full harmony with other truths which are overlooked, but which have as positive an existence and as great potency as any of those on which the writer so earnestly insists. To tell men that they have a right to a share in the land of England, based on abstract axioms and definitions, may or may not be objectionable so long as men are regarded simply as intellectual beings, guided by the natural laws of reasoning, which are scientifically arranged by logic ; but when we recollect that men are not merely such beings, but endowed with other faculties besides that which is concerned with relative abstract truth—the function of logic—we perceive that it is neither wise, just, nor safe to lose sight of those other human attributes—emotions, affections, passions, prejudices, tastes, propensities, habits, interests, and so forth—in treating of questions which touch their rights. When we speak of *rights*, we are not to forget *correlative duties* ; and before we can practically assert the rights of men, we must be

assured that they are competent, physically, psychically, and morally, to fulfil the duties involved in those rights. 'To inquire into (*things*) as they are in their own essence,' Mr. Dove says (p. 209), 'is the characteristic of the antiquated metaphysician. True wisdom is to speak, not of (*things*) as they are in themselves, but of the qualities by which we know them.' Substituting 'men' for 'things,' his own words express our meaning:—to inquire into the nature of *men* as they are in their own essence, is the characteristic of the antiquated metaphysician. True wisdom is to speak of *men*, not as they are in themselves, but of the qualities by which we know them. What we criticise is not Mr. Dove's logic, but the incompleteness of the *extra*-logical elements of his argument. If something be granted, many other things must follow by logical necessity. But we are not prepared to grant his *data* in the simple form in which he puts them. Men are not abstract notions. Neither are they things. They are free agents. Most of them are ignorant. We dare not think how large a proportion of them is uninfluenced by considerations of justice. On these grounds, we are constrained to regret that the positions laid down in this volume are unaccompanied, in the fact and method of expounding them, with such qualifying considerations as would make them harmonize with the actual character of men. We believe that the able author is not more desirous than we are ourselves to unsettle men's minds, whether in hope or fear, in such a way as would foster the disposition to violate the law of the country as it stands at present. Probably he intends all that we mean by other propositions in other parts of his volume. If so, we cannot but wish that he had expressed his views more clearly, fully, and consistently.

The longest and most important chapter in this second book is 'On Property.' Having previously asserted that the right to all the land is in every citizen, he considers mankind as merely emerging from superstition on the subject of property.

'When among the most civilized communities in the earth it has only *recently* been determined that one man cannot be the *property* of another man, we may expect, as a matter of course, to find the whole theory of property with regard to other objects a mere arbitrary superstition. When the moral and intellectual perceptions of the race have only recently perceived the truth that a moral being cannot be the property of another moral being, it is plainly evident that a theory of property is only *beginning* to dawn on the reason of mankind; and as the slave was the object that presented the odious credence in the most plain and palpable form of criminal injustice, the slave would be the first object whose condition would be rectified by the enlightened reason. The slave was the worst exhibition of an erroneous theory; but there remain many other objects to which a theory of property

extends, all of which must undergo examination in course of time, exactly as the enlightened intellect of humanity sees further and further into the true relations of men. *Land, capital, and labour* have yet to be regulated by a rational system that bases its propositions on something else than mere prescription, custom, or legal fiction.'—p. 245.

Grounding his own theory on what he represents as an *intuition of direct belief*, that an object is the property of its creator, or, in other words, that the creator of an object is its proprietor, who may justly give, lend, or exchange his property, he goes on to show how this original right to property is generated. As it is a received principle of political economy that man can and does create (exchangeable) value, the grand inquiry is, 'On what material has each individual a right to expend his labour so as to create value?'

'There is the great problem of modern society—a problem which must be solved both in theory and in practice, at whatever cost to the generation that undertakes the solution. Here is the region where prescription and superstition determine the whole of the practical rules. In this question the welfare of millions is implicated. In this question may be the secret of British pauperization and Irish decimation. In this question may be hid the elements of a strife as deadly as those contests for freedom to which modern society owes the liberties it enjoys; a strife which must come not merely from theories, but from the very necessities of the human race. The problem lies in the pathway of mankind, and solved it must be sooner or later. In attempting its solution we are perfectly aware of the nature of the conclusion at which we have arrived. We know it to be considered dangerous by the great mass of society. We believe perfectly that it will be rejected at first, but we believe as perfectly that it will be ultimately adopted; and, more, we believe it *true*; and only because we believe it true do we present it to the reader's attention.'—pp. 251, 252.

As all men are held to be equal in their right to the natural earth;—as no man can substantiate a right to any one specified portion of the earth;—as men require to occupy the earth, specially for the purposes of cultivation, &c.;—as men may occupy the earth equitably or unequitably;—and as the produce of each man's labour is his own property, and ought to be absolutely sacred from the forcible or fraudulent interferences of other men;—Mr. Dove's solution of the problem is—'By ASSOCIATION, and by making the real value of the soil, &c., the *common property* of the whole associated community.' It is not a distribution of equal portions of land to each man, but the appropriation of the rent value to public objects of universal value, instead of the private aggrandizement of a small number of individuals. Various theories of rent are given from Whately's *Logic*; Smith's, Say's, Storck's, Malthus's, Mill's, M'Culloch's,

Ricardo's, Sismondi's; of these he regards all as exhibiting certain aspects of rent; Say's definition, he says, is the only one that is scientific—'*the profit arising from the productive use of the soil*,' though it is inadequate; while that of Torrens—'*that part of the produce which is given to the land proprietor for the use of the soil*'—he accepts as the only correct one. His own account of rent is—'*the value of the productive capacity of the soil, which productive capacity represents the natural profits of human labour*.' This profit he maintains is intended by God, for the labourers, and not for the non-labourers. The fundamental fact on which he relies is—'*that the earth, as constructed by God, is capable of producing more than the cost of the labour expended on it*.' Of course, capital is resolved into the accumulation of the profits of past labour,—all labour, mechanical, manufacturing, or other which produces articles in exchange for food.

'To whom, then, ought the rents of the soil to be equitably allocated? I do not hesitate to say, to THE NATION. For the service of the nation, taxes must be derived from some quarter or other; and if the taxes had always been derived from the rents of the soil, there never would have been any tax upon industry, any custom-house, any excise, or any of those restrictive measures that repress industry, while they eminently contribute to separate nation from nation, and to prevent the commercial intercourse that ultimately would have abolished war. National property there must be *somewhere*; and assuredly it is more *just* to take that property from the natural value of the soil than from the individual fruits of labour. From one or the other it *is* and *must be* taken; and if there would be injustice in taking it from the impersonal rent of the soil, there is certainly more injustice in taking it from the profits of individual exertion.'—p. 318.

Among the special advantages derivable from thus disposing of the national soil are—the abolition of all customs and excise; one simple tax; the union of the manufacturing and agricultural classes in one interest; securing the utmost possible production of which the soil is capable; ensuring the education of the people; securing to every labourer his share of the previous labours of the community; the *just* distribution of wealth by the only possible means; and the fulfilment of the law of God, as declared in the constitution of the terrestrial world, and the law of Christianity as declared in the written Scriptures, '*that the industrious man should be rich, and that the man who labours not should be poor*.' Every reader who is candid will give credit to Mr. Dove for three things—first, for independent powers of abstract reasoning, highly cultivated, and expressed in clear and strong words; secondly, for a commanding sense of the supreme authority of right in all the actions of moral agents; and, thirdly, for

a true spirit of Christian benevolence towards his fellow-men. He gives his reasons for all his statements, relying entirely on the force of those reasons. We have no occasion to tell him that those reasons are abstract. He knows it; but he also knows that, like the abstract reasonings of other sciences, they are substantiated in known facts. Neither have we any occasion to remind him that they will be neglected, repudiated, dreaded, as full of mischief, by the present majority of readers, for with this he laid his account. His avowed object is to contribute towards the diffusion of an improved method of thought regarding politics. As in all departments of life, civilization has taken its rise in truth clearly apprehended, so, it is his belief, that what is true in political science, must be beneficial in political action. He does not profess to be able to construct a system of society which shall be permanent. He does not believe that any man in the world is competent to do this. He has great faith in principles which are true and just, in the possibility of ascertaining them in relation to politics, in the perfect safety of their application, and, we suppose, in the impossibility of applying them otherwise than slowly. With the principles themselves we are satisfied. With the difficulty of extricating society from the long-established ideas and usages, which, in the eyes of most practical men, are of more value than all the theories in the world, the author has not meddled.

We ought to observe, that the author includes in his volume a separate dissertation on Moral Dynamics, or the general theory of human action, with the application of that theory to existing institutions. The dissertation will be highly appreciated by all who value just thought, discriminating expression, and unflinching adherence to principles. We do not recollect any work on politics, or any other moral science, in which so much exactitude is displayed, and in which so near an approach has been made to the perfection of distinct accuracy in the definition and the use of terms, which, from the long habit of using the same word in various applications, has given to discussions on the abstract form of these sciences, an ambiguity not really belonging to the subjects, yet highly detrimental to the formation of just views and the pursuit of unincumbered reasoning. He either finds a general truth in the *concepts* which are inevitable to the human intellect, or works his way to it by the inductive process, and from this general truth, he deduces all the particular truths which he discovers to be logically comprehended in it. It is impossible to do justice to such closely-woven and transparent arguments by mere quotation, yet we must give one short extract:—

‘It is true that the whole history of man has exhibited superstition or credence without a reason, and also that the moral actions of man-

kind, in the figure of society, have been almost universally based on that superstition. But if the superstition of credence has been uprooted by a return to the negative state of doubt when there was no evidence, and if assumption after assumption has been abandoned, merely because men had learned to reject assumptions, shall not the very same principle be brought to bear on the institutions founded on the baseless credence, and shall not the assumption of unjust *power* be also destroyed, exactly in the same course of progress that has destroyed the superstitious credence. There is no difference between knowledge and superstition, except that knowledge *has its reason*; and there is no difference between justice and injustice, except that justice has its reason. And in every positive credence whatever, and in every positive act of interference, this reason must be *extant*, or the credence is a superstition, and the action is a crime.

The measure of the reason may be, and no doubt *will* be, a matter of disputation, and the most opposite assertions are naturally to be expected. But it is something to lay down the abstract conditions which must necessarily be fulfilled before an action can be just. If men must have a ruler, and if the nation must be subject, surely it is something to ascertain the abstract conditions without which the ruler must be a tyrant, and the subjects must be slaves. Tyranny and slavery are susceptible of *degree*, and they may vary from the utmost possible extreme to the smallest possible departure from the rightful conditions of mankind. But the one single object that the true freeman must ever have in view is the absolute re-establishment of the equilibrium of equity on such a ground as affords hope of no after disturbance. Thousands of years of disturbance have rolled over the human race, and the last few centuries have brought him [it] back to truth; and thousands of years of crime and political superstition have exhibited the figure of the tyrant and the slave. But is it *possible* that the destruction of the baseless *credence* should not also entail with it the destruction of the baseless *power*? It is true that men may rail at principles which disturb the assumptions of their ordinary credence; but if there be a principle of life-giving truth on which the freeman may hang his hope for the welfare of his race, it is that true *credence* will sooner or later restore *the freedom of mankind*.—pp. 396, 397.

To the Dissertation is appended an Account of Andrew Yarranton, the Founder of English Political Economy. It is taken from a small book, of 195 pages, by the said Andrew, published in 1677. We should be glad to see the book republished, with suitable preface and notes; meanwhile, we recommend our readers to introduce themselves to this genuine Englishman. To sharpen their curiosity we may just intimate that he had been employed to visit the Continent for the purpose of studying such manufacturing improvements as might be introduced with advantage into England; that he was consulted by those in authority on the construction of harbours and canals; was a commissioner for examining the fraudulent titles to land which had sprung up

after the civil wars; that he foresaw the very path on which England has advanced to commercial grandeur; and that, as Mr. Dove says, 'he was a true patriot in the best sense of the word, and who, though the first notable advocate of protection, was the author of (as we conscientiously believe) one of the best treatises that ever was [were] written, and of a phrase which the whole world would do well to learn by heart,—“How to beat the Dutch without fighting, that being the best and justest way to subdue our enemies.”'

We are greatly instructed and gratified by this ably written volume, so far as it goes, in exhibiting the elements of political science. We believe it is, in the main, based on principles which cannot be destroyed, and that, however practical men may shrink from some of its bold conclusions, they cannot but learn from the author those lessons, of which time will ripen the fruits in the future reign of justice and peace, not in England only, but in all the world.

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- ART. VIII.—*Report from the Select Committee on Education (Manchester and Salford, &c.)* Together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 6th June, 1853.
2. *Education best promoted by Perfect Freedom, not by State Endowment.* By Edward Baines. London: Snow. 1854.
 3. *Ashburton Prizes for the Teaching of Common Things.* An Account of the Proceedings of a Meeting between Lord Ashburton and the Elementary School-Masters assembled at Winchester, on Friday, December 16th, 1853. With a Preface by Lord Ashburton. London: Groombridge. 1854.
 4. *Schools and other similar Institutions for the Industrial Classes.* Remarks on the Importance of giving them as far as possible a self-supporting character, and the means of doing so. By the Rev. Dr. Dawes, Dean of Hereford. London: Groombridge. 1853.
 5. *The Present State of the Educational Question.* A Lecture delivered in Bloomsbury Chapel, London, May 24, 1854, to the Friends of Voluntary Religious Education. By E. Baines. London. 1854.
 6. *Census of Great Britain, 1851.* Education. England and Wales.
 7. *Census of Great Britain, 1851.* Religious Worship and Education. Scotland.
 8. *Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, 1853-4.*

THE parliamentary session of 1853 was 'big with promise' in relation to the subject of national education. Its precursor had

bequeathed to it an unfinished inquiry of considerable importance and magnitude arising out of the efforts of the Manchester educationists, while the royal speech contained an intimation on the same subject, and Lord John Russell early announced his intention to bring forward a bill on the subject on behalf of the new government. Expectation was on tiptoe; a few pages will put our readers in possession of the result.

The order for the reappointment of the Manchester and Salford committee was made on the 17th of February, and the committee, somewhat, but not materially, modified by the recent political changes,—the thing most worthy of notice, perhaps, was an insuperable objection on the part of Lord John Russell to the appointment of Mr. Hadfield, a gentleman against whom the noble lord seems to cherish an unexplained animosity—got to work on the 7th of March. The local scheme having been thoroughly gone into in 1852, the business of the committee now was to examine the secular scheme, its rival for parliamentary favour.

Into the evidence at large we, of course, shall not attempt to go. We may remark generally that it is very multifarious, going over again all ground previously traversed—such as the educational duty of the state, the deficiency of education among the working classes, the insufficiency of the voluntary system,—and adding objections not only against the local scheme, but against the minutes of council, and the government bill. That very much of this evidence was irrelevant is obvious, and it tended rather to encumber and impede than to aid those who produced it. There was in it, moreover, nothing particularly important. What was intended to affirm the duty of the state to educate, or to establish the insufficiency of the voluntary system, was certainly inconclusive enough, and has been satisfactorily disposed of by Mr. Hinton in his evidence, and by Mr. Baines in his effective pamphlets. The tract of the Dean of Hereford is also very valuable, as giving the result of experiment. We see that the argument derived from the King's Somborne school is in some quarters curtly pooh-poohed by saying, 'Yes; but it wants a Dr. Dawes to do it.' This is the mere plea of indolence. There may be as many Dr. Daweses as like to bestir themselves. We observe also that Mr. Kennedy, in his last report—with a wholly gratuitous fling at 'the well-meaning, but fortunately but very limited body of enthusiasts, who, like Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds, or Mr. J. Howard Hinton, would reject all state assistance'—essays an argumentative answer; but—to modify an old proverb—a fact is a stubborn thing. We pass hastily from these topics, however, that we may devote a little space to the consideration of the secular system itself, as here developed.

We have never been inclined to suspect the motives of the

secular educationists, or to think that they intended any harm to the rising generation ; on the contrary, we are willing to give them all credit for a philanthropic spirit, but we cannot extend our approbation from their motives to their project. To this we entertain the most decisive objections.

The point from which they start is this. Assuming a large amount of educational deficiency, and laying down the absolute necessity of state action—on both of which topics we have material differences with them, but differences which we shall not stop here to discuss—they find state action to be impracticable in the United Kingdom while education comprehends instruction in religion ; and thence they proceed to detach religious instruction from education, in order to facilitate the action of the state. Our objections to this scheme are briefly these :—

1. For a partial, and comparatively a small object, it involves a great, if not entire revolution in the existing educational process. The education which now is, and always has been, provided for the working classes in this country, whether by themselves or by the government, is religious, there can be no doubt of that ; but should the advocates of secular education accomplish their object, it would not long continue so. They contemplate nothing less than a complete system of first-rate free schools, from the infant to the industrial, with normal schools for the training of masters, all of them supported by taxation ; a system under the influence of which it is evident that a large number of existing schools must decay, and by which the education of the working classes generally would be ultimately, if not rapidly absorbed. But why, we ask, so destructive a change ? It is necessary, we are told, to provide for the destitute and the neglected ; but surely this should be done without disturbing and destroying the arrangements which are already in such extensive and beneficent operation.

2. The advocates of the secular scheme have no clear view of what they intend to effect. Generally they aim at getting religious instruction out of popular schools, but are by no means agreed as to what they will learn in them. It might have been expected that it would be a great point in bringing the scheme before parliament to remove the obscurity which has always hung over this aspect of it, and to engage some strong-minded man to make it clear what secular education was to be. This was not the case, however. The reader may go carefully through the entire evidence without finding a single clear and intelligible definition of it ; while, on the contrary, he will find half a dozen clashing and inconsistent notions of it, no two witnesses agreeing in the same view, and almost every witness contradicting himself. Dr. McKerrow, upon whom the main stress of the examination

was laid, when asked, 'Will you explain what you mean by secular instruction?' replied in the following terms:—'It has been difficult to find a word or phrase by which to explain clearly and accurately the nature of the system of instruction sought by the members of the National School Association to be established in the country.' (Evidence, 333.)

This difficulty, we have no doubt, lies much more in the vagueness of the thing to be defined than in the defective power of language. Dr. Watts, to explain himself on the same point, handed in to the committee the draught of a bill in which the scheme was, in the most perfect manner possible, embodied; but here we have indefiniteness turned into confusion. In the bill the word secular is put in opposition, not to religious, which is its proper antithesis, but to 'doctrinal,' a term which relates to only a part of religious instruction, and is not antithetic to secular at all. But what part of religious instruction is doctrinal? We suppose that which teaches the being and providence of God is clearly so; yet both Dr. McKerrow and Dr. Watts tell us that this doctrine is to be inculcated in secular schools. The word doctrinal, therefore, is pared down till it is made to mean 'sectarian;' but now we have to ask what opinions are sectarian? The bill replies, that they are opinions 'in favour of, or in opposition to, any sect of Christians;' and thus we have Christianity as the common ground to be occupied, and the peculiarities of Christian sects as the matters to be avoided. And this in secular schools! To this self-stultification of the bill, it is to be added, that both Dr. Watts and Dr. McKerrow, the principal witnesses, freely contradict both it and each other. On this astounding jumble it is appropriately asked by Mr. Hinton, 'What kind of system must that be for which no appellative can be either found or framed, and which no two of its advocates can describe in the same terms?'

3. While destitute of any precise aim, the secular scheme in any of its forms is sure to do a great deal of harm. Even taking the highest stand, that it is to maintain Christianity so far as it is common to all Christian sects, and to eschew only their peculiarities, all that is protestant and evangelical must be sacrificed, since among Christian sects are Unitarians and Romanists. If, according to Drs. Watts and McKerrow, Christianity is totally thrust out, and nothing recognised but the being and providence of God, we have then a system of deism into which the rising generation is to be indoctrinated. And if we go a little further, and get our ideas of secular education from Dr. Andrew Combe, the Williams school at Edinburgh, and the 'Westminster Review,' the studies of the young will be confined to the laws of Nature, and the consummate wisdom and happiness of observing them.

From the bearing of such remarks as these the patrons of the secular scheme attempt to shield themselves by saying that they do not regard a secular school as imparting the whole of education, but that, in conjunction with its duties, time shall be allowed for such religious instruction as the parents might select. We make, therefore, this further remark,

4. That the scheme of subsidiary religious instruction is alike inefficient and impracticable. Mr. Hinton, in his evidence, has gone into a full examination of this arrangement, and has conclusively shown its illusory character ; but we cannot follow him in detail. It is obvious, however, how fruitless religious instruction (supposing it to be given) out of school hours must be, when, as an instrument of moral culture, it is hourly and incessantly wanted in the hands of the master. But there is little chance of its being either universally or efficiently given, even as far as it might be useful ; since there is nothing to secure the attendance of the children on the one hand, nor, if they would attend, an adequate provision for them on the other. Secularists, indeed, talk fluently of ministers of religion being everywhere, and of its being their duty to teach the young, as if they did not know that, while the clergy of a national establishment are everywhere, the ministers of all other denominations are in comparison but thinly scattered.

5. Supposing, however, the most favourable circumstances under which such a plan could be carried out, the general result in relation to schools for the working classes would be of a most injurious kind. On this point we quote with much pleasure a passage from the pen of Mr. Kennedy, school inspector, in his Report for 1852.

‘On the subject of religious instruction in schools, I am become very much impressed, from all I have seen, with a conviction that, owing to the claims on the time of the clergy among the adults of their flock, and the general work of their parishes, we must look very much to the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses as the religious teachers of the youthful poor. And with the youthful poor, their religious knowledge and impressions are to be obtained in the school, or nowhere ; it is worse than useless to look to their homes. I am equally convinced that all the religious knowledge they ought to acquire—to say nothing of religious impressions—cannot be imparted in the Sunday school. About the correctness of these remarks my observation leads me to entertain no doubt ; and I am induced to make them, owing to the views which are now being sedulously promulgated by the “National” (formerly the “Lancashire”) “Public School Association.” The supporters of those views, though perhaps equally desirous with myself of bringing up children religiously, think that the elementary schools for the poor should be purely secular ; and my object is to show that they are mistaken in supposing that the children of the working classes can

be trained religiously, as a body, unless the masters and mistresses of schools be teachers of religion. I am compelled to admit, from attentive observation, that in many schools there is no great amount of religious knowledge imparted, owing to the number of subjects which the scholars of elementary schools have to learn in a short space of time. But I have also observed, at least I think I have, that even in some of the schools where the children could not answer many questions on religious subjects, the piety of the teacher, as shown in his character and demeanour, and in the religious remarks which he from time to time had opportunities of making, produced the most beneficial effects, such as would make me greatly regret to see schools where the teacher was bound by law to hold his tongue on such subjects.' Minutes, 1851-52, pp. 350, 351.

There is much more in the evidence relating to the secular scheme on which we could have dwelt with interest, for the subject is really of the highest importance, and must be regarded as still before the public; but we content ourselves with referring such of our readers as may be disposed to peruse it to the Blue Book itself, or to Mr. Hinton's very convenient review of it,* while we pass on to the other topics which claim our attention. We make only this parting observation, that the secular scheme gained nothing by the inquiry. The committee were so divided in opinion on it that they could not agree on any report.† We do not think the witnesses on its behalf did themselves much credit; but even had they been much abler men than they actually showed themselves to be, with so bad a cause in their hands they would have failed. That the friends of the scheme in the committee should have received evidence from the voluntaries against it with reluctance does not surprise us; and we hold Mr. Hinton entitled to the warm thanks of that party for his determination to be heard, and for the important evidence he gave.

It was a singular but a decisive indication of the estimation in which Lord John Russell held the labours of the committee, that while it was not only yet sitting, but in the very midst of its duties—namely, on the 4th of April—he introduced into the House of Commons, on the part of the Government, another Education Bill, and one of a totally different character. It was fairly observed, we think, by the chairman, in the course of that debate, that his lordship, who was a member of that committee, might, with more parliamentary decorum, have waited until its inquiries had terminated, and its report had been made. Lord John subsequently made a practical apology for this irregularity, by pro-

* Case of the Manchester Educationists. Part II.

† We do not know what is about to happen at Manchester; but our curiosity is considerably excited by Mr. Cobden's recent announcement in parliament, that the differences between the locals and the seculars had been 'reduced to an infinitesimal quantity.'

missing to postpone the second reading of his bill until the labours of the committee were closed; but in the end the second reading, as will be recollected, was totally abandoned. On a measure which might seem so entirely, and, after the elaborate flourish of trumpets with which it was introduced (we refer not only to the Royal Speech but to the volume of Sir J. K. Shuttleworth and the article in the 'Edinburgh Review'), so singularly defunct, it would be unnecessary to make any remarks, were it not that, in the form of a minute of the Committee of Council, it still lives, and is in active operation throughout the far larger portion of England and Wales.

The Government measure is altogether and strikingly unlike the Manchester schemes, whether the local or the secular. For the latter a basis was laid by large allegations of educational deficiency, and they were broadly framed, to encourage the multiplication of scholars and the increase of attendance; but the former contains no such provisions, and even ignores all such allegations. It is the object of the minute of April 2nd, 1853, not to enlarge the extent of education, but to improve its quality; and this simply by extending the application of those celebrated minutes of 1846, which laid the foundation of the pupil-teacher system. The application of these minutes, it appears, was restricted by the annexed requirements of a certain amount of income in the schools which should have the benefit of them, and the schools whose income is below this level now come in for the compassion of the Committee of Council. Instead, however, of relaxing the terms formerly prescribed, and making the minutes available for schools of smaller income, their lordships come to the rescue by proposing to raise defective incomes to the necessary level by money grants. Thus the minute runs:

Resolved—That any school now admissible, or which shall hereafter be admitted, to grants under the minutes of August and December 1846, may receive a grant towards the expenses of the preceding year, at the rate per scholar set forth in the following table:—

No. of Scholars,	Boys' School.	Girls' School.
Under 50	6s.	5s.
Above 50, but under 100	5s.	4s.
„ 100	4s.	3s.

Then follows a statement of the conditions on which this grant, familiarly known as the capitation grant, shall be made. Now the convenience of this to particular schools—it is always convenient to receive money—may be admitted; but the influence of it on a large scale must assuredly be most unhealthy and per-

nicious. Its tendency generally, and its injurious effects on voluntary schools in particular, are thus traced by Mr. Hinton in his supplementary evidence :

‘It is, speaking generally, an augmentation of school incomes out of public money. This, if it stood alone, would bear very hard upon all schools relying exclusively on voluntary effort (including under that term both children’s pence and benevolent contributions), inasmuch as it would produce an arbitrary and artificial rise in the cost of scholastic labour, which would no longer be left, as in common with all commodities it should be, to find its value in the market. At the same time, however, that the Government measure would make school teaching artificially dear, it would materially diminish the resources out of which it is to be paid for ; since it is enough to give a title to the capitation grant if the parent of the child pay one penny per week. This is one of the heaviest blows at voluntary educational effort which could possibly be struck ; for at present an immense multitude of children pay more than one penny ; many of them three or four times as much ; and their doing so is of vital necessity to the educational efforts which are in progress ; but this regulation will have a direct tendency to make a penny the normal and maximum payment, and so to destroy, without compensation, a large part of this most salutary and important school income. It would seem as though all schools must suffer from this unwise and pernicious proposal, but on exclusively voluntary schools its influence will be not only severe, but in all probability annihilating. Nor is this the whole of the mischief to be apprehended. For, the sum now accruing from children’s pence being reduced, the sum required from benevolent contributions will be increased.’ Report, p. 245.

Such a measure is certainly but little consistent with those professions of aiding voluntary effort which the Committee of Council at large, and Lord John Russell in particular, have always made. It is far from certain, however, that the pupil-teacher system is worth extending, not merely at this, but at any cost. The references to this subject throughout the inspectors’ reports just laid before parliament, is anything but satisfactory. Several inspectors complain that suitable children for apprenticeship are not to be had without higher payment ; and Mr. Moseley makes a general statement, which goes far to show that the money laid out on them is, to a large extent, thrown away. Let the following passage, from this gentleman’s report, be well considered :—

‘The number of male pupil-teachers who completed their apprenticeships in England and Wales in the year 1853, was 750. Of this number 304 competed for Queen’s scholarships, and 248 obtained them. There remain 502 of the 750 without Queen’s scholarships, and of whom but a very few will probably become schoolmasters. For I have ascertained that but a small proportion of the pupil-teachers who do not obtain Queen’s scholarships find their way to the training schools. Of the 570 male pupil-teachers who remained without Queen’s scholarships at Christmas 1852, only 31 entered the training schools.

The remaining 539, educated with so much pains, and at so great a cost, for the office of teacher, were probably nearly all of them lost to the cause of education. I submit to your Lordships that it might be expedient to institute an inquiry as to what has become of these youths, and also of the 502 who remained without Queen's scholarships at Christmas 1853. Such information could not fail to show what impediments have stood in the way of their following the profession for which they had been, with so much care and at so great a cost, brought up.' Minutes, 1853-54, p. 421.

The case thus stated certainly deserves inquiry. In addition to the sources of explanation which Mr. Moseley hints at, we think it highly probable, that many of the children apprenticed as pupil-teachers do not seek—nor their friends for them—educational improvement for the purpose of becoming teachers, but merely with a view to qualify themselves for advanced mercantile and other situations. At all events, it is a curious fact, that two-thirds of the children upon whom the public money is thus lavished, make for it no return.

A remark somewhat similar may be made concerning the grants in augmentation of the salaries of schoolmasters. With the utmost sincerity we disclaim any desire either to stint the income or to lower the standing of popular schoolmasters; on the contrary, none can more sincerely rejoice than ourselves at seeing their real respectability increased. We confess our doubts, however, whether the methods pursued for this end are likely to answer their purpose. Let us, on this subject, be permitted to quote the following passage from inspector Longueville's report for 1853:—

'It is objected by many of the most judicious managers of schools, with whom I had the privilege of conversing upon the subject, that the prevailing tendency of the minds of masters *coming from training schools, and especially of such among them as hold certificates of merit*, is to become dissatisfied with what is called their "social position," and to consider themselves worthy of something much higher. I am bound to express my own conviction that such complaints are by no means groundless. I have witnessed indications of the evil, for such I consider it myself; and I am aware of its having been fostered by a periodical publication circulating among schoolmasters. The fact also that some parochial schoolmasters have been recently admitted to holy orders has raised the ambition and unsettled the minds of other teachers. I indulge, however, in the hope that the evil is but a temporary one, and that as the demand for and supply of teachers become more nearly balanced by the influx of a class of young men more perfectly, because more gradually and longer, trained—I mean by the apprentices—these vanities and fond aspirations will correct themselves, and the schoolmaster will learn to be contented with his condition, and to consider it a sufficiently honourable and useful calling. That I am not alluding to an imaginary complaint I need only appeal to the recollection of the *majority* of school-managers in my district,

who have made strong representations to me on this head.' Minutes, 1853-4, pp. 663, 664.

'This witness is true;' and from the quarter from which the testimony comes, we trust their lordships of the Committee of Council may allow a due weight to it. We have said such things before. We are glad to find, however, that some little check is likely to be put on the hitherto unbridled proceedings of this unconstitutional body, as Lord John Russell now, as Lord President of the Council, at the head of it, in the course of the debate on the educational grant for the present year, has intimated his willingness to concur in the appointment of a committee of inquiry into its proceedings.

The approach of the session of 1854 was marked by a gentle intimation, that the government did not intend to bring forward any further educational measure for England, the amount of opposition, from various quarters, to their measure of 1853, having probably satisfied them of the impossibility of success,* and inclining them to prefer the more quiet mode of minutes of the Committee of Council: a bill for Scotland was necessary, it was added, but would, we were told, be harmless. A loud note of preparation, however, was heard at Manchester, where both parties, the locals and the seculars, were alert, and each proclaimed a determination to try its fortune in the legislature by bringing in a bill. By the advocates of the local scheme, accordingly, a bill was brought in at an early period of the session; but being introduced as a private bill, the house heard nothing of it till it came on for a second reading on the 21st of February, when it was the subject of a regular and extended debate. The tenor of the discussion, which on the whole was highly creditable to the House, foreshadowed the fate of the bill; it was lost by a majority of 29, its patrons out of doors declaring that, after such a vote, they should press their design no farther. The principal, and with the House the most weighty, objections to the bill were, that it dealt with a great question of national policy on too narrow a basis, and proposed to decide in a local bill, like a gas or a paving bill, large and difficult theoretical issues, on which they were by no means prepared to come to an agreement, at least in the sense of the bill, without much more ample and patient discussion.

It was now natural to expect that the seculars would take their turn, and try their fortune too. They had, however, more dis-

* On the 30th of June last, Lord John Russell used, in his place in parliament, the following language:—'He must confess that, unless there should be some appearance of a greater concurrence of opinions, especially on religious points, he believed it would be useless to bring forward any proposal for a general system of education.'—'Daily News,' July 1, 1854.

cretion. The debate on the local bill did not pass over without frequent and pointed references to the secular scheme, and it thus became quite clear, that a bill embodying it would find still less favour in the House than that which it was about to reject. As notice of the introduction of a bill for the formation of secular schools had not then, nor has since, been given, legislation on that matter drops, of course, for the present. It may be that the National Public School Association contemplate further endeavours to indoctrinate the people of England, before they appeal more directly to their representatives in parliament. We believe, also, that they have taken a hint which was distinctly given them in committee, and are erecting a school for secular instruction in Manchester. 'If you are so enamoured of secular schools,' it was said to them, 'why can you not establish some, instead of spending so much money in attempts to force the system on those who do not like it?'

At length the contemplated bill for Scotland was introduced by the Lord Advocate. At first this bill excited scarcely any attention in the house, and it was expected to pass almost, if not quite, without opposition; as the time for the second reading approached, however, so much division of opinion in relation to it showed itself north of the Tweed, so firm an attitude of opposition was taken by the Kirk, on the ground of its ecclesiastical prerogative, and so much irritation was exhibited by other religious bodies at the marked preference given to the Free Church, that the attention of parliament was awakened; and with the help of English voluntary educationists, to whom, of course, the measure, as a whole, was objectionable, especially as a bad and threatening precedent for nearer legislation, the bill was ultimately lost, the motion for the second reading, on the 13th of May, being negatived by a majority of nine votes.

So the field at present stands. After successive battles—or skirmishes, if that be too magniloquent a name—there has been no victory won by any aggressive party. The *status quo* is thus far maintained. The fruits of victory are in the hands of the anti-state-education party, and to this issue much has no doubt been contributed by the voluntaries, whose energy and perseverance must be spoken of in terms of high commendation.

In one respect, however, the field of warfare is far from being in its old condition. It has been cleared of some great incumbrances, and is in a state better adapted than ever for the struggles which may yet have to take place. What we mean is, that great light has been thrown upon the actual educational position of the English people, and facts authentically educed, by which many serious misconceptions are finally and for ever removed. It was often felt, during the sitting of the educational

committee of 1852, that its proceedings were most infelicitously timed. Statistics, of course, were necessary, and most laudable pains and expense had been gone to by the patrons of the local scheme in order to obtain them; but they were, after all, both without completeness and without authority. And they were as truly without necessity, could the parties have been content to wait but a single year for the publication of the educational portion of the census, then in progress, and near its completion. This would have supplied, without trouble or expense, information at once ample and authentic, and, as forming a substantial basis for any educational measure, it would have been well worth while to wait for it.

The census, however, is now published, and the very valuable educational information it contains, with Mr. Mann's able report prefixed, places in a clear and authentic light the general educational condition of the country. We should have been glad, had our space allowed us, to have given at least an extract or two from the condensed and impartial historical view which this gentleman has taken of the history of popular education in England, which he justly states to be comprised within the present century, and to show an 'almost miraculous' progress. We must content ourselves, however, with placing on record—for often as the document has appeared, our pages would be incomplete without it—the following tabular view:—

Periods.	Population at each period.	Number of Scholars at each Period.		Proportion of Scholars to Population at each period.	
		Day Scholars.	Sunday Scholars.	Day Scholars.	Sunday Scholars.
1818	11,642,683	674,883	477,225	One in 17·25	One in 24·40
1833	14,386,415	1,276,947	1,548,890	11·27	9·28
1851	17,927,609	2,144,378	2,407,642	8·36	7·35

His review, to which we are sorry we cannot do better justice, Mr. Mann concludes with the following remark:—'So far, therefore, as our *rate of progress* in school provision and school attendance is concerned, these facts are far from unsatisfactory; indicating as they do an immense amount of private and of public energy expended on the field of popular instruction. And this progress is all the more encouraging from the fact, that the greater portion of it must have been effected for the *working classes*.'

The educational returns for Scotland are, from various causes, less complete than those for England and Wales, and are at the same time void of elements by which the probable amount of

such deficiency may be estimated. A pressure for immediate publication has caused them also to appear without an introductory notice, such as that which so much increases the value of the English census. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the facts, as stated in the barest form, are highly interesting:—‘The total number of scholars in *Day Schools* respecting which information had been forwarded was 368,517. This gives a proportion to the population of Scotland (2,888,742) of 12·76 per cent., or one scholar to every 7·84 inhabitants. Making a fair allowance for deficient returns, it seems probable that about 14 per cent. (or 1 in 7) of the people of Scotland are at school.’

It thus appears, that the proportion of day scholars to the population throughout Scotland is greater than in England. With respect to Sunday schools, however, the case is different:—‘In the department of Sunday or Sabbath schools there is not so much activity in Scotland as in England; for, while in the latter country the number of Sunday scholars is 2,407,642, being 13·4 per cent. of the population, in Scotland (making, however, no allowance for defective and missing returns), the number is but 292,549, being only 10·1 per cent. of the population.’

From questions of fact Mr. Mann turns to one which, while of a very practical bearing, may be termed rather one of speculation—namely, ‘What proportion of the population should belong to day schools?’ A very important question, undoubtedly, and one of which a well-considered solution is both pertinent and necessary to an estimate of the general educational condition of the country. In the treatment of this question Mr. Mann does frank justice to the labours of Mr. Baines, and traces the grounds upon which ‘most competent writers are now inclined to assume that one in eight would be a satisfactory proportion, after making due allowance for practical impediments.’ After this, however, he avails himself of the various particulars furnished by the census to treat the subject in a manner which is entirely new, and by which he arrives at a conclusion so considerably different from that in which his precursors have rested, that we must explain it a little in detail.

Mr. Mann proceeds by deducting from the gross population the various classes who, for different reasons, cannot be expected to belong to day-schools. Of these he specifies four;—first, those beyond the limits of the school age; second, those employed in labour; third, those who are seriously ill; fourth, those educated at home; and to these he adds a further number for the latitude of parental discretion. The school age he defines to extend from three to fifteen years; for children employed in labour he deducts 1,000,000; for children seriously ill, 195,435; for children educated at home, 50,000; and for the exercise of parental discretion, 647,856; and he thus finds that 3,015,405

should be under instruction, either at home or at school. In round numbers, the population being 18,000,000, and those who should be under instruction 3,000,000, the proportion of scholars to the population should be one in six.

The difference between this and the estimate which has hitherto been recognised is very considerable, and it is the more worthy of notice, because the smaller proportion of one in eight has been hitherto acquiesced in by the warmest friends of education, and as the result of their latest thoughts. We must admit, nevertheless, that Mr. Mann has treated all the topics that come within his view with exemplary candour, as will be most fully felt by those who follow him into the details of his examination. It is obvious, however, that the calculation is a very delicate one, more especially as many of its elements are entirely conjectural. It has been suggested also that an insufficient number is allowed for the sick, and that a considerable class educated at home by agencies not professional is wholly omitted, while there are an almost infinite number of circumstances affecting school attendance of which it is not possible to take account at all. Our opinion therefore is, that the estimate of one in six is at least somewhat too high. It is proper, however, to recollect that Mr. Mann is not laying down a position as established, but merely venturing on a speculative opinion, and this with the following important qualification :—‘ The number which I venture to suggest must not be taken as the number which in the present moral condition of the people can be reasonably *expected* to be found in day-schools, but the number which *should* be there, and which may be adopted as a standard up to which we ought to work.’ There can be no objection to this. We are quite ready to ‘work up’ to this, or even to a higher standard, if it be possible ; but we protest against such a misconception and misuse of Mr. Mann’s calculations, as both Lord John Russell and Mr. Cobden have been guilty of, when they state him to have proved, or even to have asserted, that ‘there are at least a million children between the ages of three and fifteen who are without instruction.’*

The only result is, that if society were in every respect, physical and moral, what it should be, and every child between three and fifteen (with the exceptions specified) should be at school seven whole years—from five to twelve—then, in Mr. Mann’s opinion, there would be 3,000,000 children at school instead of 2,000,000, or one in six of the population instead of one in eight. Perhaps so, and by all means let us ‘work up’ to it ; but let us not forget how very near to Utopia we shall be when we get there.

* Lord John Russell’s speech at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign School Society.

In the debate on the 30th of June, on moving the parliamentary grant, to which Lord John Russell was graciously pleased to prefix on this occasion an explanatory statement, we find objections made to the accuracy of the educational statistics, one honourable gentleman—Mr. Biggs, member for Newport—representing them as ‘most illusory,’ and affirming that he had tested them ‘in his own town.’ We hope that Newport is not to such an extent the honourable member’s ‘own town,’ but that some other parties can test his calculations. People often inconsiderately speak, however, as if the statement that one in eight of the population of England are under instruction meant that this proportion prevailed everywhere, whereas in some places it is considerably more, and in some places it is much less. Hence the number of children not at school who in some places present themselves, this class being further augmented by those whose stay at school is short. There ought to be no difficulty, therefore, in reconciling any seeming want of congruity between the statistics and the facts.

In inquiring to what causes a defective school attendance may be ascribed, Mr. Mann next answers confidently, not to a want of school accommodation, and not to poverty of the parents; and passing over criminal and destitute children, who constitute an exceptional case, he assigns as ‘the grand cause,’ indifference of parents. We shall extract the passage in which he develops this idea.

‘After all allowances for previously suggested causes of neglect, the great fact seems to be obtruded on our notice that the children’s absence from, or very brief continuance at, school, is *mainly* owing to the slight esteem which parents have for the education itself, which generally they might easily obtain. Beyond all question much of this indifference results from a perception of the really trifling value of a great proportion of the education offered for their purchase; for the instances are not a few in which the improvement of a school is followed by increased attendance; but perhaps it principally flows from an idea, prevalent amongst the labouring classes, that instruction *beyond a certain point* can never be of any practical utility to those of their condition; for in general a parent, in whatever station, takes himself and his own social *status* as the standard up to which he purposes to educate his offspring: the nobility, the gentry, merchants, tradesmen, artisans, and agricultural labourers, expect to see their children occupying just the same positions as themselves, and not unnaturally seek to qualify them for no higher duties. Hence it is that only those whose after-life is destined to be spent in intellectual exercises, as the pastime of an affluent leisure or the subject matter of professional activity, prolong their educational career beyond the elementary school period. The children of the mercantile community are thought to have completed their instruction when they have become adapted for the counting-house—the sons of tradesmen when they have been fitted for appren-

tices—the sons of all engaged in manual industry as soon as they possess the manual strength and skill required for such pursuits. This probably is very false philosophy; but, practically, it is to be feared, the length and character of the education given in this country to the young are regulated more by a regard to its material advantage, as connected with their future physical condition, than by any wise appreciation of the benefits of knowledge in itself. It is hardly, therefore, matter for surprise, although undoubtedly it is for lamentation, that the working classes—seeing that the purely mental training which their children pass through in the present class of schools can rarely exercise an influence upon their future temporal prosperity, and having for some generations past been tutored not to look *beyond their station*—should esteem a thorough education of this character to be not worth the time and money needful for its acquisition. More, they may conceive, of *useful* information—useful to their children in their probable employments—may be learnt outside the school than in it; while, with reference to any other knowledge, it appears to them to be a vain expenditure of labour to acquire in youth the rudiments of arts and sciences which afterwards *must* be forgotten from the want of any stimulus or opportunity for their continued cultivation.’ Census, pp. xl. xli.

The justice of these remarks, we think, cannot be questioned; and, in our judgment, they clearly tend to throw the blame of this parental indifference (to whatever extent it may exist) on the faulty system which has been adopted for the education of the children—or rather on the method of taking the education of children out of the hands of parents themselves. We observe with pleasure many indications of a desire to make the education offered to the children of the working classes more valuable to them, and so more acceptable to their parents; but we have noticed nothing of this kind with greater pleasure than the attempt of Lord Ashburton to encourage popular schoolmasters in the teaching of ‘common things.’ We cannot too highly recommend the tract on this subject which we have placed at the head of this article.

Mr. Mann afterwards takes a succinct, but clear and most impartial review of the different positions occupied by the respective parties in the grand educational controversy, and he sums up in the following well considered words:—

‘Thus at present stands the educational question. Probably the principal effect upon the mind of an impartial witness of these various phases of the national sentiment, in reference to the means of popular enlightenment, must be a sense of the enormous difficulties which beset the path of legislation in this matter, if, upon the one hand, no invasion be permitted of religious liberty, while yet, upon the other, no indifference be shown towards religious truth. Nor does the economic difficulty seem less serious—how the State is to assist in providing schools without demoralizing parents, and without destroying competition.

. . . . And no doubt it has been strongly felt that to establish *free* schools, without some security that they should only be resorted to by those who are in truth without the means of payment, would be to incur the very serious danger of destroying, in the class above, the feeling of parental obligation, and to enter on a course which *must*, as the schools are gradually filled by other than indigent children, be further and further trod indefinitely until all existing schools were overthrown. And then—to further complicate this almost hopeless entanglement—some persons, of no mean authority, have intimated their conviction that the class whose misdeeds are the grand incitement to the wish for State-interposition cannot be effectually reached by Government agency, nor otherwise than by the voluntary zeal of those who may be prompted to the task by Christian sympathy for these neglected outcasts.

Of course it is not here that any opinion is to be expressed, if any were entertained, upon the merits of the controversies which now agitate the public mind—endeavouring ardently to gain by safe and equitable means a vastly important end. It may, however, be permitted to reiterate a doubt respecting the success of any schemes to elevate the masses of the population by mere elementary instruction while the social circumstances of the multitude continue so unfriendly to their intellectual and moral progress. For the real educational calamity at present is—not that the children do not go to school, but that they stay at school for such a limited period; and this results directly from the want of adequate inducement to prolong their education in the face of opportunities for early labour. Doubtless many thousands of children would be kept at school, who are now at a very early age removed, if any great advantages from education were discernible by parents, as procuring either physical or intellectual enjoyment for the after-life. But must it not be, though reluctantly, allowed that they have only too much reason for their apathy? “Of what avail”—they may, and not unreasonably, ask—“can education be to those who must, of sad necessity, reside in these impure and miserable homes, from which, if it were possible, ourselves would be the first to flee? Or what delight can education yield to those who, on emerging from the school, where taste had been acquired and appetite excited, find that both the treasures and the sweets of literature are far beyond their reach?” Such, really, if not in words, are the much-too-reasonable questions by which parents of the humbler ranks excuse their inattention to their children’s education: they imagine they are doing just enough to fit them for their future and unalterable lot, and that all beyond would be at best but superfluity. What then is wanted to insure a greater measure of success to present efforts? Surely the creation of a more benignant *atmosphere*. However carefully the tree of knowledge may be planted, and however diligently tended, it can never grow to fruitfulness or beauty in an uncongenial air. Concurrently with all direct attempts to cultivate the popular intelligence, there needs to be a vigorous endeavour to alleviate, if not remove, that social wretchedness which blights all educational promise, and to shed around the growing popular mind an affluence of wholesome light on which the half-developed plant may feed and thrive.

‘Whatever restrictions, therefore, may by a proper delicacy be imposed upon the expression here of any opinion on the more immediate means to be adopted for promoting elementary instruction, it will not be out of place to advocate those indirect yet influential means which—whether they be movements on behalf of temperance, health, cleanliness, and better dwellings, or for public lectures, libraries, and cheap and wholesome literature—must, by raising the position of the people, and by bringing within their reach the *fruits* of intellectual toil, inevitably tend to render education much more valued, and therefore much more sought. Apart from their own special objects, all these movements have a potent favourable action upon primary education: for the social elevation of the parents makes the adequate instruction of their offspring needful to their proper pride, while the cheap diffusion of information greatly multiplies the inducements to learning by multiplying greatly its rewards. However long may last the difficulties which now hinder any equitable scheme of *national* instruction, *here* at least there is ample and common ground for effort upon which both the public and the Legislature have appropriate parts to play. And if upon the cultivation of this wide and open field a greater amount of labour be expended, who shall say it is impossible that, in the course of some few years, before the Gordian knot which now perplexes statesmen and philanthropists could be untied, the people may themselves have severed it?’ Census, pp. lxxxix. xc.

Our waning space warns us to bring our observations to a close; but we cannot do so without one parting remark. We concluded our article of February, 1853, by observing that we wrote from a field of battle, and that the friends of voluntary education must be both watchful and energetic at their post. They have been so, and their efforts have been crowned with a degree of success probably beyond their expectations; but the heat of the strife, for the moment at least, is past, and although we do not say that it will never be renewed, we are inclined to say that we write now, not so much from a field of battle, as from a field of labour. Exhausted and faint as educational controversy now is, the great business of the present hour is educational advancement. Instead of further disputation about the mode, all parties should now be doing the thing itself, each in its own mode. And perhaps there may be more facilities for co-operation than some persons may be aware of. In our view one result of the discussions which have taken place has been to reduce, in some measure at least, the magnitude of differences, and to bring the holders of diverse views nearer together. Certainly the cause of popular education may be expected to advance much more rapidly, if the strength hitherto expended in mutual resistance shall henceforth be devoted to mutual help; and with such a prospect we entertain a cheering hope that the next educational census shall tell at least as cheering a tale as the last.

Brief Notices.

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The Poetical Works of Samuel Butler. With Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. G. Gilfillan. Svo. 2 vols. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

MR. GILFILLAN has hitherto had to do with 'the authors of grave and serious song,' and we are glad that the present volumes are devoted to a poet of a very different order, one of the ablest, indeed, of those writers who have sought their inspiration in ridicule. Little is known of the life of Butler. The profligate monarch to whose services he prostituted his genius had not heart enough to reward the service rendered. 'The wittiest man in England was handed over by the king and courtiers to the tender mercies of bailiffs, and to all the ills of which poverty is ever the legal heir.' So scant is our acquaintance with the incidents which make up his biography, that Dr. Johnson truly states, 'the date of his birth is doubtful; the mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously narrated; and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor.' His great poem, 'Hudibras,' is incomplete. Three *Parts* only were published. A fourth was contemplated, and had he lived to produce it, we should probably have seen the wit of the poet employed against what Mr. Gilfillan, with more force than beauty, terms 'the rotten-hearted faction which had so neglected their laureate.' This opportunity, however, was denied him, as two years after the appearance of the third part of *Hudibras*, the earthly career of Mr. Butler closed in Rose-street, Covent-garden. This was on the 20th September, 1680, when he had attained the age of 68. He died poor, but not in debt, and is reported to have been in private a worthy, honest, and modest man.

'Hudibras' was designed to satirize the Roundheads. Materials for the work had been collecting during many years, and the wit of the author disported itself with uncontrolled licentiousness, in order to bring their persons and opinions into ridicule. There is little of narrative in the poem. So light, indeed, is the thread of incident, that its perusal is unattractive and dull. 'Hudibras' can never be a very popular poem, apart from the passions which were rife at the time of its publication. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the descriptions given of the habits and opinions of the Puritans are caricatures. This was to be expected. It was accordant

with the genius of the writer, and naturally arose from the circumstances of his day. Mr. Butler was unequal to an accurate delineation of the finer and more ethereal elements of the Puritan character. He could excite laughter by painting the eccentricities of men of note. He could make fun of the red nose of Cromwell, or the docked ears of Prynne, but he knew nothing of the internal beauty which the Spirit of God had called into being,—had no sympathy with those sentiments which linked the frail children of earth with the higher economy of heaven. He might disport with the one—he was out of his element when he attempted to commune with the other. The publication of Butler's poem, under the editorship of a presbyterian minister, is a sign of the times. 'The reaction that has taken place of late,' says Mr. Gilfillan, 'in behalf of the objects of Butler's hate and laughter, is so deep and final, that it is not necessary to defend them further against him; and it were an insult to them to imagine, that the republication of his clever caricature could do any injury to their memory, embalmed as it is in the gratitude of every liberal, enlightened, and Christian heart.'

Mr. Gilfillan has discharged his editorial duties well. His brief introduction displays a keen relish of the wit of Butler, whilst the notes which are scattered throughout the work render recondite allusions intelligible, and explain terms which have become obsolete.

The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S. Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Vol. II. Svo. pp. 505. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

IN our July Number we reported the appearance of the first volume of a collected edition of the writings of Dugald Stewart, and intimated our intention at a subsequent period to attempt a sketch of his biography, and an analysis of his mental character. To this purpose we still adhere, but shall content ourselves at present with merely noting the contents of the volume now before us. It is the first of three, which are intended to include the 'Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind,' together with the 'Introduction,' and 'Part First' of the 'Outlines of Moral Philosophy.' The latter work was first published in 1793. An 'enlarged edition' appeared in 1801, and another, said to be 'corrected,' was issued in 1808. A fourth edition, without alteration, was printed in 1818; and the work has been frequently reprinted since the death of the author. Copies of the first three editions are extant, with numerous manuscript annotations by Mr. Stewart, which are incorporated in the present edition.

The three volumes, of which the 'Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind' consisted, appeared at considerable intervals—the first in 1792, the second in 1814, and the third in 1827. Of the first and second volumes several editions were issued, but no alteration of any importance was made in them; but in the third volume, many intended additions were supplied, which are now, for the first time, inserted in their proper places. The 'Outlines' are printed from the seventh edition collated with the fourth, and with the first three editions, in which the author's annotations are found. The first volume of the

'Elements' is printed from the fourth edition collated with the sixth, and the additions from the addenda to the third volume are included in square brackets. In reference to his own contributions, Sir William Hamilton remarks, 'I have limited my interference strictly to the province of an editor; and it was manifestly no part of my official duty to meddle with the author's reasoning. Accordingly there has been nothing added by me, in the view of vindicating, of supplementing or confirming, of qualifying or criticizing Mr. Stewart's doctrines. I have proposed exclusively to render this work the one in which these might be most conveniently studied.' We need scarcely say, that students of the 'Scottish School of Philosophy' will find in this edition all they can desire, in reference to one of its most distinguished masters. Such an editorship rarely falls to the lot of an author, and must determine, without doubt, the choice of all scholars who are desirous of mastering the system of which Dugald Stewart was so able and polished an expounder.

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1. *Songs from the Dramatists.* Edited by Robert Bell. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 268. London: John W. Parker & Son.
 2. *Poetical Works of Sir Thomas Wyatt.* Edited by Robert Bell. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 251. London: John W. Parker & Son.

THESE volumes belong to the annotated edition of the English poets. The first contains a collection of songs, beginning with the first regular comedy, and ending with Sheridan. The songs of each dramatist are given under the titles of the plays from which they are taken, and brief biographical sketches and explanatory notes are introduced wherever they are thought desirable. In the preparation of the volume there has been much research. 'The labour,' says Mr. Bell, 'which is not represented in the ensuing pages, considerably exceeded the labour which has borne the fruit and flowers gathered into this little book. Many hundreds of plays have been examined without yielding any results, or such only as in their nature were unavailable.' What is termed the literature of the Restoration furnishes a striking contrast to the 'sweetness, thoughtfulness, and purity' of the writers of a previous age. This fact is patent. All writers note it, and it might well cause the advocates of the 'Merry Monarch' to pause. Mr. Bell's testimony on this point is precisely similar to that of his predecessors. 'The dramatic songs,' he says, 'of the age of Elizabeth and James I. are distinguished as much by their delicacy and chastity of feeling as by their vigor and beauty. The change that took place under Charles II. was sudden and complete.'

Sir Thomas Wyatt's poetical works, which constitute the second volume, will be received with much favor by all lovers of our early poetry. Wyatt was senior to the Earl of Surrey, with whom he was on terms of intimacy. His productions were prior in point of date, and are certainly free from the charge of servile imitation which has been advanced against them. He was largely indebted to the French and Italian poets, with whom he was extensively familiar; and if his originality was thus impaired, 'greater scope and variety were given to his compositions. His success,' says Mr. Bell, 'in transplanting into

our language the forms of the Spanish, French, and Italian writers contributed in an important degree to the subsequent improvement in our poetry.' Unlike many subsequent poets, his productions are free from all indelicacies. They are pure in tone, manly in sentiment, and rich in all appropriate beauties. Together with the productions of the accomplished Surrey, they occupy an important position in the history of our poetical literature.

Christianity, Theoretical and Practical. By William Kirkus, LL.B. 8vo. pp. x.—327. London: Jackson and Walford. 1854.

MR. KIRKUS is a young minister who, after labouring awhile in conjunction with Dr. Liefchild at Craven Chapel, succeeded Dr. Burder at Hackney. The present volume contains in substance seven lectures which have been delivered from the pulpit. These lectures are the result of careful preparation. They are clearly, sometimes eloquently, written. The author is not wanting in the boldness which springs from the consciousness of being master of one's subject, but, as it strikes us, is scarcely cautious enough in attacking well-known writers. There is more extent of reading than depth of original thought, more novelty of manner than of argument, more smartness than ingenuity, more of that which will interest the many who read the book for the author's sake than of that which will command the attention of strangers. The topics treated are too numerous to have received sufficient independent examination in less than a long course of years, though they are well handled, and with good conclusions; and the manner has too much the air of rapid composition, and a somewhat hasty application of reasonings and illustrations noted in the course of reading, but not sufficiently pondered so as to take their place in the habitual course of the writer's meditations. While we freely make these observations in our professional character as critics, we cheerfully accord to Mr. Kirkus the praise of having written a book which, while it gives proof of excellent capacity, and inspires the hope of meeting him hereafter as a ripe and wise teacher of the great truths of the Christian faith, cannot be read without admiration of his powers, his diligence, and the earnestness which so well befits his office.

Final Discourses at Argyle Chapel, Bath. By the late Rev. William Jay. 8vo. pp. viii.—460. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1854.

MR. JAY'S sermons were secured by Mr. Thomas Jay Wren, the editor of this volume, during several years, with Mr. Jay's knowledge and sanction, and with his permission to do what he desired with them after the preacher's death. The volume appears to have been prepared for publication with great care. It contains twenty-six sermons, all of them bearing the well-known excellences of the author's pulpit instructions,—simplicity, quaintness, richness of scriptural illustration, ingenious method, pointed observation, and a felicitous blending of

doctrinal truth, with appeals to the conscience and the heart; the earnest enforcement of practical lessons with pathetic tenderness of encouragement and invitation. We cordially thank Mr. Wren for the publication. It is in itself of great and diversified value as a collection of admirable discourses, which few can read without interest in the precious truths it so beautifully teaches; while by those who had the singular enjoyment of hearing them, and the still larger number of those to whom the eloquent and revered old man has been so long a silent pastor, it deserves to be laid up among the cherished spiritual helps of which all who truly know themselves feel the value more deeply as they are making progress in the highest life of man. We cannot express too strongly our conviction of the usefulness of such helps, as endearing the Gospel to the reader, and enabling him to apply its marvellous discoveries in satisfying the profoundest, the most pressing, and the holiest wants of his nature. Other works are of course better adapted to the merely intellectual cravings of the thoughtful—in the *speculative* sense; but we have found the readiest—sometimes the only—path to the solution of our most harassing perplexities, in such writings as these, which deal with the realities of our every-day life, and often touch the very springs to which not a few of our hardest difficulties may be ultimately traced. Very often we have been surprised, while reading this volume, at the ease with which the germ of many scepticisms is laid bare and torn up by the mind itself when brought into the state of calm, trustful, obedient docility, in the presence of the Omniscient Wisdom, such we believe to have been the design of the preacher, and we are assured, is the effect of devoutly reading these discourses. They remind us of a line—the most exquisite we remember in our language, in which Mr. Sotheby almost literally translates a glorious verse of Homer:—

‘*Time ripens Truth upon the lips of Age.*’

Our readers will not repent of taking our advice to procure and read these last ripe fruits of an old tree, which flourished so luxuriantly for more summers than are usually allotted to the life of man on earth.

Russia and its People. By Count A. de Gurowski. London, Edinburgh, and New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 1854.

COUNT GUROWSKI belongs to a Polish family. He took part in the outbreak of Warsaw in November, 1830, but, on account of his decided opinions, was soon discarded by the aristocratic party, which took the revolution into its hands, and destroyed it by half measures. Gurowski advocated the emancipation of the peasants, and freed them on his own estates; but his example was not followed. His name reappears again at the close of the revolution, when the insufficiency of the Chlopickis, Czartoryskis, Skrzineckis, &c., became patent; but, unfortunately, Kaukowiecki, the general of the thorough revolutionists, turned traitor. Gurowski emigrated with his countrymen, quarrelled with them in Paris and London, published several books in French and German,

and, being converted to Panslavism, made his peace with the Czar in 1834, in the belief that Nicholas was really a great man, destined to bring about the regeneration of Europe by the union of all the Slavonic races. He went to St. Petersburg, and, honoured by the confidence of the Czar, wrote an important political work, under the title of 'The European Pentarchy,' one of the most clever publications in favour of Panslavism. Still he overshot the mark. His book was not servile; its aim was to prepare the way for the domination of the Slavonian races over Europe, but likewise to make the Slavonian races free. In consequence he had once more to eat the bitter bread of exile. His present work contains most valuable facts as regards Russia, but it is not impartial. It is too favourable for the Slavonic races and unjust towards the populations with whom they are in contact. Still, with all its faults, 'Russia and its People' is the best of the publications on Russia which have lately appeared. It is founded on a thorough knowledge of the country and its institutions.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Edited by her Niece. Vols. VI. and VII. London: Hurst & Blackett. The closing volumes of a new edition of a work which throws considerable light on the domestic habits of the household of George III. and on the literary history of the latter part of the eighteenth century. The work is full of pleasant and not uninteresting gossip, combining much of the vivacity of the French 'Memoir' with the higher and purer tone of our own country. — *Memoirs of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Fourth Quarterly Part. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. The completion of a work which forms one of the best biographies of the day, from the extended circulation of which large benefits may be anticipated. We are glad to find that 'the great success attending the cheap issue of Dr. Chalmers' Life,' has induced the publishers to resolve on issuing a selection of his works in the same form. The series will not exceed twelve volumes, and cannot fail to obtain an extensive sale. — *The Sunday at Home.* Royal 8vo. pp. 64. Parts I.—III. London: The Religious Tract Society. A new serial projected by the Tract Society, and designed to furnish pleasing and useful reading for the Sunday. It is distinguished from the 'Leisure Hour' by a more strictly religious character. Its contents are varied, and the artisan class, as well as the younger members of religious families, will find it both entertaining and instructive. — *Shrines of the Holy Land. Contested by the Russian and the Turk.* Foolscap 8vo. pp. 204. London: Longman & Co. The following extract from the preface will sufficiently explain the object of this small volume. Referring to the 'Holy Places,' the author says, 'It has been thought that a concise description of their localities, their past history, and their present state, might not be unacceptable to the public, thrown into a condensed form, so as to be fully comprehended at one view.' — *Over Legislation.* By Herbert Spencer. Reprinted, with additions, from the 'Westminster Review.' 12mo. pp. 42. London: John Chapman. This republication belongs to 'Chapman's

Library for the People,' and forms a very able exposure of the manifold evils which result from the intermeddling of the State in matters not fairly within its province. It merits, and will amply repay, an attentive perusal.—*The Elder Brother; or, Protectors and Tyrants.* A Story for Boys. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. pp. 71. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co. We congratulate Mrs. Geldart on her success in writing a brief tale which amuses the imagination by its simple incidents while it improves the heart by its touching appeals to some of the best human feelings, breathing a hilarious spirit with which boys will sympathize, while it portrays characters and suggests sensible counsels which all their true friends will be delighted to see them follow.—*Lily Gordon, the Young Housekeeper.* By Cousin Kate. pp. 348. Edinburgh: Kennedy. 'Cousin Kate' is pretty well known, we should hope, among thoughtful youths of either sex belonging to the middle ranks of society. She here describes the childhood, the school-life, and the self-discipline through which a petted, motherless little girl became her father's housekeeper and the friend of her brothers. It is really very entertaining reading for any one, but particularly so for sisters, and daughters, and cousins, to whom brothers and fathers and other relatives and acquaintances could scarcely present a more appropriate gift.—*A Brief Memoir of the late Miss Rosa E. C. Nicholson.* Containing the Letters addressed to her during her illness, by the late Rev. W. H. Krause, and the Sermon preached by him in Bethesda Chapel, on the occasion of her decease. Edited by Charles S. Stanfield, A.M., Prebendary of St. Michan's. pp. xi.—115. Dublin: Herbert. Miss R. C. Nicholson was cousin to the late Rev. W. H. Cooper, of Dublin, and, being afflicted with hopeless deafness, was dependent on the eye for the religious instructions usually obtained through hearing and conversation. The letters in this volume will gratify the Christian reader in proportion as he has sympathy with the theology of the Romaine and Hawker school. For those who, like ourselves, regard the writings of that school as extreme in doctrine, exclusive in spirit, and sickly in sentiment, there is little in these pages to interest them.—*The Closet Book.* By Rev. W. Leask. pp. 104. London: Blackwood. A series of short papers on fourteen suitable topics for private perusal, with a view to practical self-improvement.—*An Exposition and Defence of the Presbyterian Form of Church Government.* In reply to Episcopal and Independent Writers. By the Rev. David King, LL.D. Glasgow: Johnstone & Hunter. pp. xiv.—343. To those who wish to have a candid view of presbyterianism we cheerfully recommend Dr. King's book as written in the best taste, and with a moderated 'estimate of denominational differences.'—*Christian Income and Expenditure. Leaves from the Journal of a Young Pastor.* Translated from the German. pp. 68. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. A pleasant little story for young pastors everywhere.—*The Vale of Lanherne, and other Poems.* By H. Sewell Stokes. A New Edition, with Additions; and Illustrations drawn on stone. London: Longman & Co. 1853. A very elegant illustration of beautiful scenery in Cornwall.—*Saint Paul.* Five Discourses. By the Rev. Adolphe Monod, of Paris. Translated by the Rev. W. G. Barrett,

of Royston. pp. 208. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co. A refreshing series of discourses, in the simplest style of French pulpit oratory, rendered into equally simple English, which we have great pleasure in recommending.—*A Treatise on the Assurance of Salvation.* By Paton J. Gloag. pp. 120. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie. A plain treatise on a subject thoroughly discussed some years ago by Dr. Wardlaw.—*Watts and Others: including the Psalms, by Isaac Watts D.D., revised; His Hymns of Three Books, Revised and Arranged; and Supplementary Hymns.* With Indexes to all. By John Burder, M.A. London: Ward & Co. It is a great advantage to have all the hymns of a congregation in one volume, and to have them so arranged that, either by the first line, or by the subject, they may be easily found. Mr. Burder's arrangement is simple and convenient, though we miss the index to *verses*, which we have often found to be of advantage.

Review of the Month.

OUR report this month is brief. There are not many circumstances to note, and these we shall dispatch in few words. The members of the Legislature have been discharged from their attendance at Westminster; her Majesty's ministers are scattered far and wide; and her Majesty herself is wisely seeking recreation and health in the retreat of Balmoral. In the absence of parliamentary intelligence, we recur to two or three topics which merit notice.

THE RESIGNATION OF ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE, with the correspondence to which it has given rise, we shall pass over at present, as we purpose recurring to it hereafter in connexion with his volume on the 'Sacraments.'

POPE PIUS IX. HAS ISSUED AN ENCYCLICAL LETTER granting to the *faithful* a general jubilee on terms sufficiently easy. The tone of this document excites both pity and indignation. It is full of absurd pretension, while it affects a paternal regard to the welfare of Christendom. The spread of the cholera, the embarrassed state of his exchequer, and the ominous symptoms of disaffection which are discernible within the papacy, form the topics of this strange epistle. The following brief extract sufficiently indicates its general tone; and when taken in connexion with the fact that the political existence of the popedom is dependent on the presence of foreign soldiers in Rome, is perfectly ludicrous. We may well congratulate ourselves on exemption from such supremacy, and should struggle earnestly on behalf of those whose necks are yet bowed to the yoke of an imbecile and arrogant priesthood. 'Deploring bitterly,' says Pius IX., 'that in our well-beloved diocese of Turin are to be found, *amid the first ranks in society*, persons who, lending themselves to the execution of acts so diabolically planned by the gloomy governments of secret societies, drink of the

iniquity as of water, we cannot forbear reminding them publicly that they risk every day the most terrible excommunications. And, as the excommunications fulminated against those who violate the religious cloister strike whosoever participates in the act, although not actuated by any malice on their own part, but only because, in quality of subalterns, they have not had the courage to oppose the orders received, we understand that whosoever finds himself in such a deplorable situation will be held guilty of having done so voluntarily.'

A REPORT OF THE ARREST OF M. MAZZINI HAS BEEN IN EXTENSIVE CIRCULATION. We need not say how deeply our solicitude has been awakened by this rumour. It is well known that the passage would be brief between his execution and his being delivered up to the authorities of Austria. For M. Mazzini there would be no mercy, nor even respite. His career would be speedily terminated by that inexorable power which he has so heroically braved. We are glad, however, that the report is unfounded. Mazzini still lives, and though hunted in every possible mode, he has hitherto eluded his enemies. That he should have succeeded in doing so is perfectly marvellous, and speaks volumes on behalf of a people who are represented by mercenary scribes as destitute of every virtue. His person is known to thousands, and yet he has hitherto passed unscathed from town to town. Neither bribes nor threats have availed to create a traitor in the camp, and we trust he will yet live to see the Austrian expelled from his fatherland, and his fair dream of Italian independence realized in the establishment of constitutional freedom. From his place of concealment he has addressed a letter to the Members of the 'Helvetic Federal Council,' in which rebuke is mingled with undaunted heroism, in a tone bespeaking the rectitude of his policy, and his fixed determination to pursue it. 'You are seeking me every where,' he says; 'you are working your telegraph clerks to death, and you are alarming peaceful travellers, who are running from Switzerland thinking that she has become an Austrian province. You are ruining your harmless gendarmes, by teaching them the tricks of detectives. At Lugano you send eighteen police agents to find me in a house where I have never set foot. At Zurich you honor me by buying my portraits. You are determined to have me. Most likely you will not succeed; but suppose, after all, that I am in Switzerland, and that you succeed in taking me. What would you do with me, gentlemen? Will you give me up, and to whom? To the Pope?—to Piedmont?—to France?—or to Austria? That is to say, to Alexandria, to Cayenne, to Spielberg, or to death? You would not dare to do it. I know too well that from time to time, in the Tessin, poor Hungarians are delivered up, who have deserted the banner of the executioner of their country, and who believed themselves safe in touching Swiss ground. This is horrible enough. But it is done in the night, noiselessly, like a crime, on the frontier, against unknown individuals. But I am known—the crime could not be committed with closed doors—throughout Switzerland, from all parties, a cry of indignation would arise, and the brand of shame would mark your brows for ever with the two letters V. B.—*valets de bourreau*.'

The friends of Italy will be deeply anxious until they hear of M.

Mazzini's safety. May a merciful Providence watch over and protect him, that the crimes of the house of Hapsburg may not be increased by the murder which would certainly follow his arrest.

THE 1ST DAY OF OCTOBER HAS BEEN APPOINTED BY HER MAJESTY as a day of thanksgiving on account of the abundant harvest we are gathering. The proclamation issued is similar to former documents of the same kind, and with the views which are entertained on the subject of a national church, is not open to objection. To our minds, however, the appearance of such an edict is fraught with deep significance. That it becomes us to be grateful for the mercy which has been vouchsafed we readily admit. No Christian man will entertain a doubt on this point. But that it should require royal authority to give utterance in the house of God to the language of thanksgiving and praise, is so utterly at variance with all our notions of religious obligation, that we regard the proclamation with suspicion. The system which requires the language of thanksgiving to be suppressed until royal authority permits it, is not and cannot be the system of the New Testament. The mercy has already been acknowledged in thousands of religious edifices, and will continue to be so, irrespective of any royal mandate. Religious gratitude springs from an enlightened appreciation of the mercies bestowed, and not from deference to human authority. The latter tends to suppress rather than to promote it, by mingling with what is pure and heavenly the baser alloy of earth.

A CASE HAS RECENTLY OCCURRED AT THE MIDDLESEX SESSIONS at which some of our journalists are much scandalized. A congregation of Mormonites, known in England as the 'Latter-day Saints,' meeting in Stepney, London, was disturbed by a Mr. Andrew Hepburn, who was subsequently indicted for the offence. The charge was clearly proved, and, under the direction of Mr. Bodkin, a verdict of guilty was recorded. The room in which the meeting was held was duly certified according to law, and Mr. Bodkin consequently ruled, in support of the charge, that 'it could not be permitted that any person should erect himself into a judge of what should and what should not be the form of proceeding, and because he entertained different religious views should go to these places, *which had complied with the requirements of the law*, and interrupt and disturb peaceful and orderly congregations.' Against the decision in this case the 'Times' and other journals have indulged in much loose and angry declamation. It is impossible to read the leader of the former journal of the 15th without feeling how little we are indebted to it for the enlightened advocacy of religious liberty. We, of course, have no doubt about the follies and impiety of Mormonism. In our own country it is bad enough, but in the valley of the Salt Lake it has unveiled its enormities without reserve or scruple. All this we admit, and, were it necessary, we could descant largely on the evils with which this new phase of religious error threatens society. Still we maintain that the members of this sect, be they *idiots* or *rogues*, as the 'Times' styles them, or anything worse, if such there be, are entitled to the protection of the law when peacefully assembled in prosecution of their so-called worship. But it is alleged that they are not protestant dissenters, and are not therefore entitled to register their place

as such. To this we reply that no other course is open to them in order to secure protection from violence. They are shut up to this course, and protestant dissenters ought certainly to be the last to object to their availing themselves of the only means of safety which our imperfect legislation has left them. To the dictum of the 'Times,' 'Tolerate, but do not protect them,' we enter our earnest protest. They are entitled to the latter, and the former we indignantly repudiate. Let the principle of the 'Times' be applied to the Mormonites, and other parties will speedily be comprehended within its range.

WE HAVE FREELY STATED ON FORMER OCCASIONS that there was a want of due promptitude and vigor in the conduct of our war with Russia. We have not, however, been unmindful of the difficulties attendant on such an enterprise, nor indisposed to cherish confidence in the skill and intrepidity of our military and naval commanders. We are now gratified to report that at the eleventh hour there are signs of energetic action, which will go further to bring the Czar to reason than the ablest state documents which diplomacy can frame. The heroism of the Turkish army has effectually arrested the progress of Russia; and the 'material guarantees' she held have been, in consequence, most reluctantly surrendered. The equivocal position of Austria has, no doubt, contributed to this result: but whatever be its cause, we rejoice in the fact that the Russian army has withdrawn from Wallachia and Moldavia. We should be glad to express the same complacency in the entrance of the Austrian army into these provinces. But we cannot do so. What has recently occurred rather strengthens than otherwise our mistrust of the court of Vienna. The rejection of her demands, on which we were given to understand that war would be declared with Russia, has been ruled not to be a *casus belli*; and what has already occurred at Bucharest clearly shows that the proceedings of Austrian officials must be watched with the utmost care. Prussia has retrograded, for which the predilection of her monarch had prepared us. Her position is as discreditable to her good faith as it is impolitic to Germany. She might have shared the benefits contemplated, but her policy will be utterly unavailing to stay the course of events. In Asia, the Turkish army has been defeated, and has been saved from utter annihilation only by the Prophet-Chieftain of the Caucasus, who has broken into Georgia and swept everything before him with the rapidity and force of a mountain torrent. The danger of Tiflis has compelled the rapid retreat of the Russian force, and has thus changed the aspect of military operations in that quarter.

In the meantime, the attention of Europe has been fixed on the movements of the Anglo-French army. The retreat of the Russians having removed the necessity for their advance to the Danube, the question has been mooted, whether a severe blow might not be directed against the Russian power in the Crimea. Public expectation has taken this form, which has gradually assumed a definite shape, as the season for military operations has drawn to a close. Rumors of extensive preparation have floated about; siege *matériel* was reported to be on its way to the Black Sea; and vast means of transport were known to be

collecting at points most favorable for the embarkation of the French and English forces. A few weeks since it was explicitly announced, as on authority, that Sebastopol was to be attacked, and Western Europe has become impatient at the delay which has occurred. The causes of that delay are easily to be traced; but the disappearance of cholera, which had raged so fearfully amongst the troops, has at length permitted the expedition to proceed. An immense armament, consisting, it is reported, of 25,000 French, 25,000 English, and 8000 Turkish troops, has been landed in the Crimea without opposition. The point of disembarkation was about thirty miles north of Sebastopol. This event took place between the 14th and 16th, and the army is said to have moved immediately towards the great Russian arsenal. Before this meets the eye of our readers, more definite information will probably have reached us. Little is known of the strength of the Russian army in the Crimea, but we do not imagine that it exceeds 50,000. Its commanders, however, are in a position to choose their ground, and must feel deeply sensible of the immense stake for which they play. We have, however, no misgiving. The ambitious and perfidious policy of Russia is about to receive a blow from which it will scarcely recover. We mourn the loss of life; we know some of the terrible evils incident to war; but we have the consolation to reflect that we have been forced into the struggle, and that our success is identified with the protection of the weak, the punishment of the wrong doer, and the triumph of civilization over the semi-barbarism of the north.

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.

MANY of our readers are probably aware that a change is contemplated in the editorship of our journal. This step has resulted from the pressure of other engagements, which compels one of the present editors to relinquish the post which he has occupied since 1836; and his associate, between whom and himself the most cordial co-operation has uniformly existed, retires with him. Arrangements have been made for the future conduct of the 'Eclectic' which cannot fail to be satisfactory to the friends of pure literature, scriptural voluntarism, and evangelical Christianity. This arrangement, however, will not take effect until January, 1855. We are not at liberty at present to name the individual on whom the editorship will then devolve. We should gladly do so, and are assured that all our readers would heartily concur in the propriety of the selection. In the interim, we shall continue to discharge the duties of the editorship as heretofore, in doing which additional stimulus will be derived from a consideration of the high talents and well-merited reputation of the gentleman to whom the journal will then be transferred.

The proprietorship of the work continues unchanged, and no expenditure will be spared which may be needed to maintain and greatly to extend its usefulness.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

A Treasury of Pearls of Great Price. Collected and Set in Order, by Louisa Frances Poulter. Two Vols.

Continuation of the Union Tune Book. A Selection of Tunes and Chants. Arranged by J. J. Cobbin.

The Theory and Practice of Landscape Painting in Water Colours. Illustrated by a Series of Twenty-four Designs, &c. By George Barnard.

The Jordan and the Rhine; or, the East and the West. Being the result of Five Years' Residence in Syria, and Five Years' Residence in Germany. By the Rev. William Graham.

The Prayer Book of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. A Lecture delivered in the Town Hall, Birmingham, February 14th, 1854. By J. B. Melson, M.D.

The Mysterious Marriage of Sir Edward Graham. By Catherine Sinclair.

Islamism. Its Rise and its Progress, or the Present and Past Condition of the Turks. By F. A. Neale. Two Vols.

Hippolytus and his Age; or, the Beginnings and Prospects of Christianity. By Christian Charles Josias Bunsen. Second Edition. Two Volumes.

Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History, applied to Language and Religion. By Christian Charles Josias Bunsen. Two Volumes.

Analecta Ante-Nicæna, Collegit recensuit Illustravit. Christianus Carolus Josias Bunsen. Three Volumes.

The Essence of Christianity. By Ludwig Feuerbach. Translated from the Second German Edition by Marian Evans.

History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century. By Alexander Vinet. Translated from the French by the Rev. James Bryce.

Nelson's Household Library, Modern Household Cookery.

The New Household Receipt Book. By Mrs. Sarah Hale.

Helps and Hints for Bible Readers. By the Rev. Nicholas J. Moody.

The Opening of the Crystal Palace considered in some of its Relations to the Prospects of Art. By John Ruskin, M.A.

Autocracy in Poland and Russia; including the Experience of an Exile. By Julian Allen.

Clouds and Sunshine; or, Truth and Error. By Mary Alicia Taylor. Edited by Rev. J. S. Moysey.

The Vision of Midsummer Morning's Dream. By J. Starr.

The Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours, and their Applications to the Arts; including Painting, Interior Decoration. &c. &c. By M. E. Chevreul. Translated from the French by Charles Martel.

The Coming Peace. By John Reynell Morrell.

Helps to the Thoughtful Reading of the Four Gospels. By Henry Stebbing, D.D., F.R.S.

Why is God a Stranger in the Churches? A Tract for the Times. By the Rev. Samuel Eastman. Published by request.

The Earnest Student; being Memorials of John Mackintosh. By the Rev. Norman Macleod.

Select Works of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Edited by his Son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Vol I.